

WITH PRESENTATION PLATE: "THE NELSON TOUCH"—BY A. D. McCORMICK, R.I.

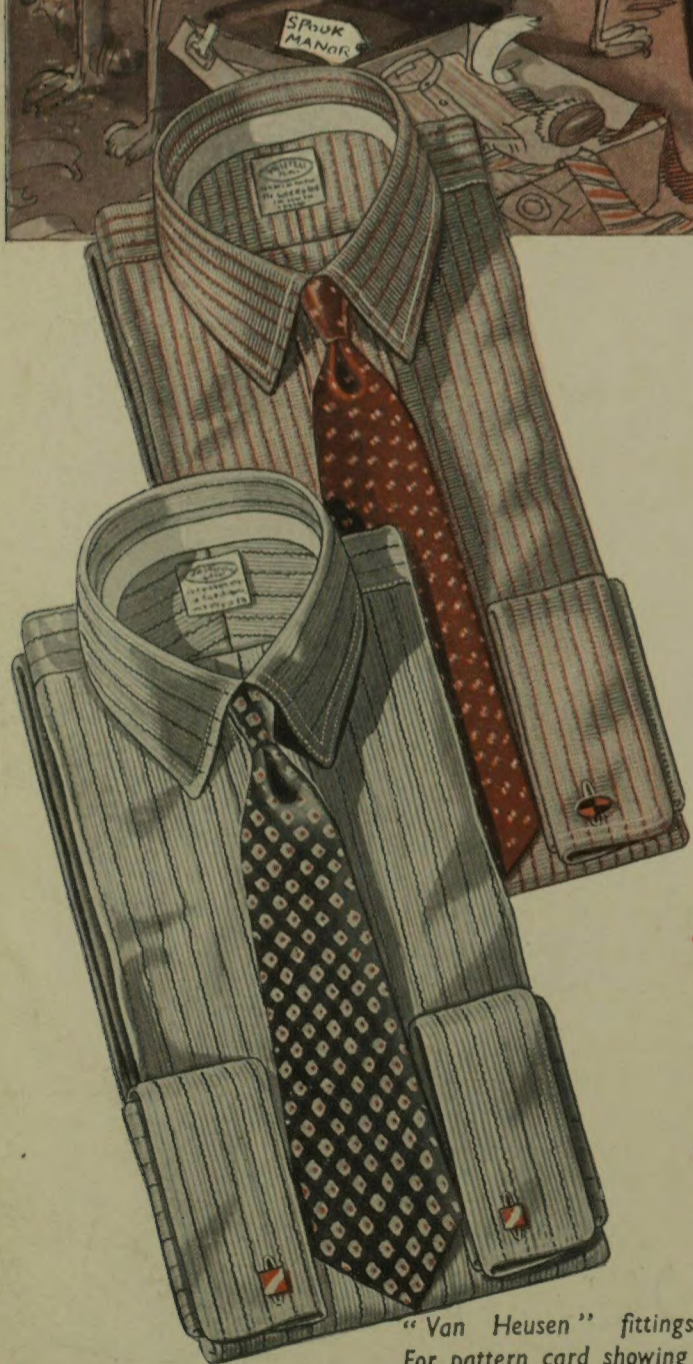
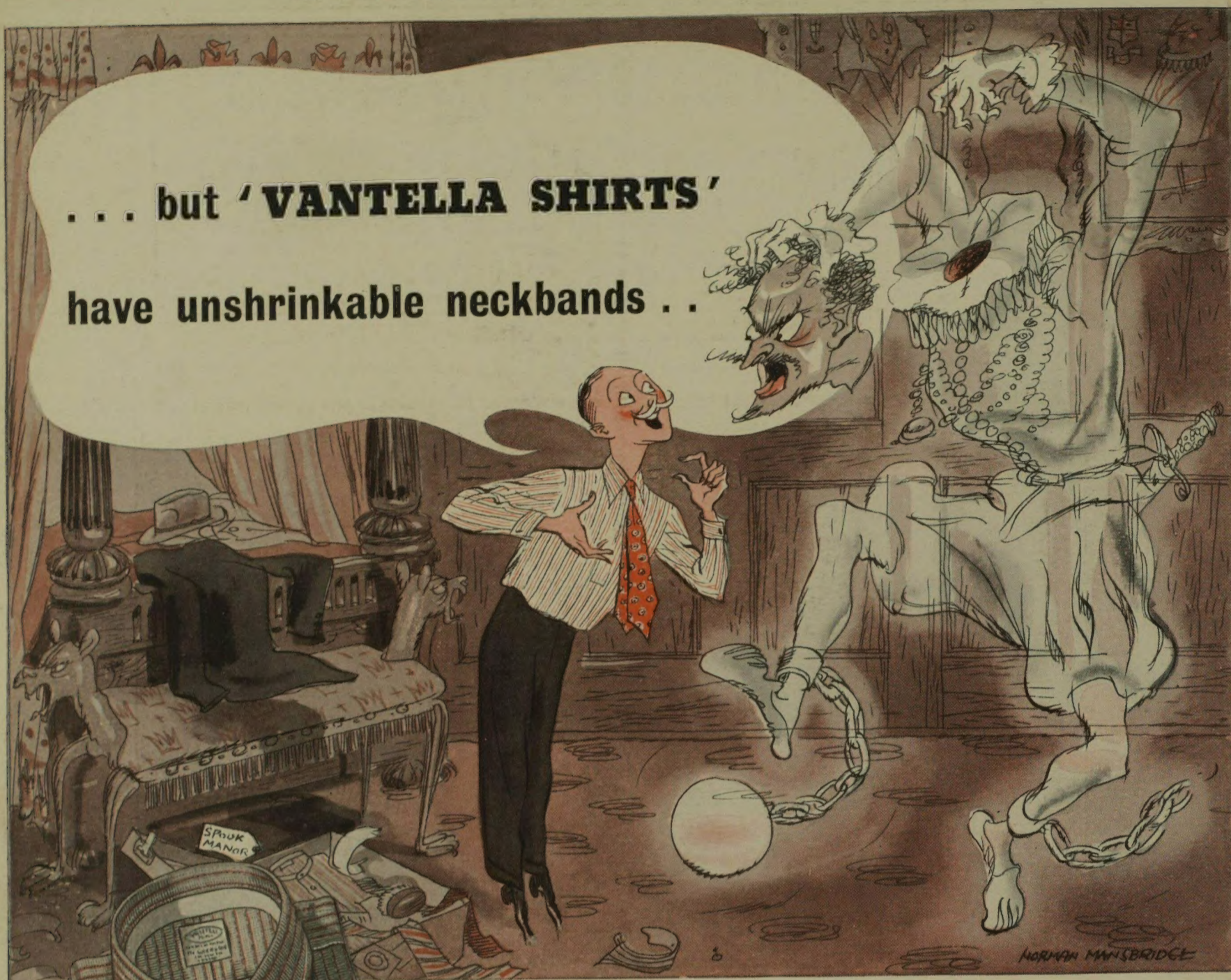
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1938



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

From the Painting by Jan Steen (1626-1679). By Courtesy of the National Gallery.



And for anyone more substantial than a ghost that's something to remember. Besides, Vantella shirts have other very special features. The "Van Heusen" curve-woven, semi-stiff cuffs for instance. Then the collars—"Van Heusen" again—are perpetually smart and comfortable, and tableless, boneless and buttonless—blessings every man appreciates. As for the cloth, it's fadeless and unshrinkable, in dapper designs or plain colours. Add to that the three sleeve lengths to every neckband size and it's clear why Vantella shirts will be appreciated. You can get them at any good outfitter, 9/6d. in Zephyr, 10/9d. in poplin de luxe, and the "Van Heusen" collars to match are 1/3d. each.

Give him a
'VANTELLA'
shirt . . . with
'VAN HEUSEN'
collars to match

"Van Heusen" fittings are made by Harding, Tilton & Hartley Ltd., London.
For pattern card showing the designs apply to Cotella Ltd., 14 Moor Lane, London, E.C.2.



BURBERRY SUITS

for
SPORT, TOWN
and
PROFESSIONAL
WEAR



The tailored Burberry Suit is obtainable in such a large variety of cloths, colourings and patterns, that it is easy for a man, however difficult to please, to find something that he admires. This wide opportunity for selection is the mainspring of Burberrys' plan to please.

EXPERIENCED CUTTERS

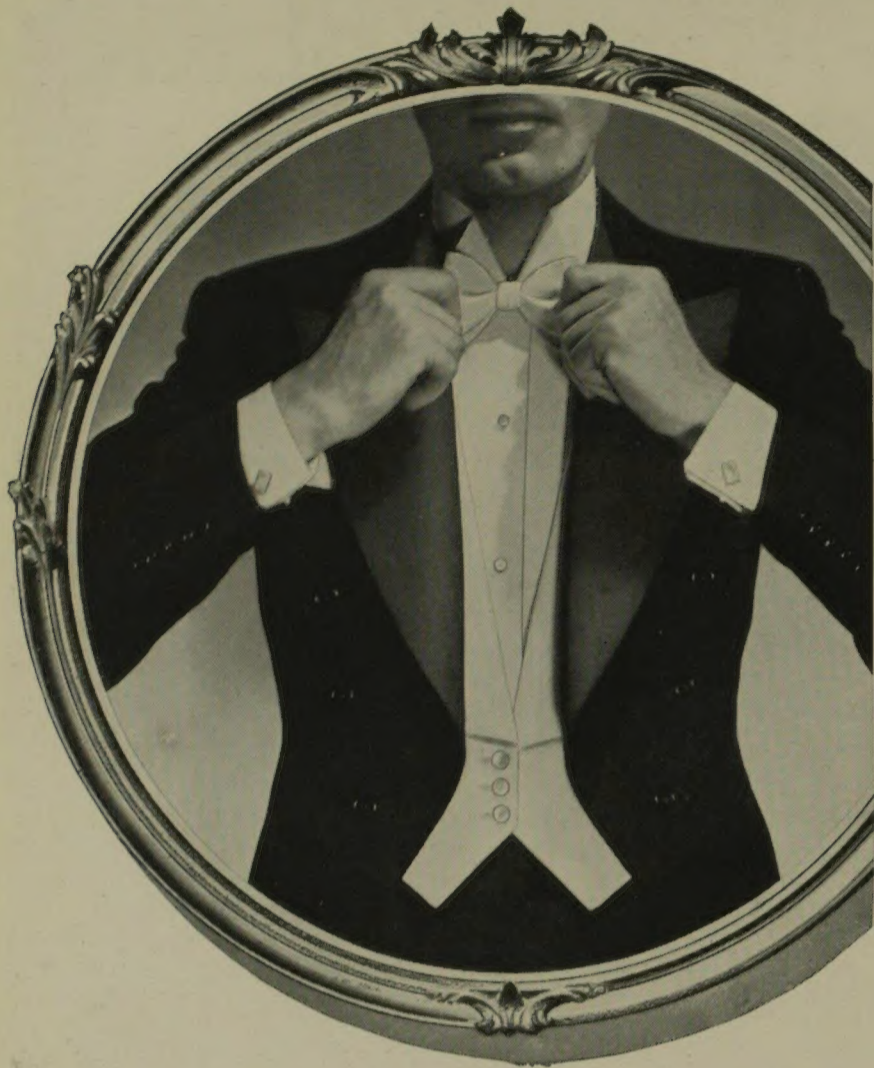
No man, however exacting, need go unsatisfied after examining their large and expertly classified stock. Customers are given the personal attention of experienced cutters and individual requirements are carried out with the greatest care.

Sportsmen are well catered for in respect of clothes appropriate to the sport. Gamefeather, Cheviot and Saxony suitings are of inestimable value to the stalker, shooting man and angler. They render him invisible to the quarry. For the angler too Burberry Gabardine is a suit in which no hook can catch and cold winds are kept out.

If a personal call is impracticable write for full particulars, patterns and prices of the latest styles. Mention the "Illustrated London News."



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Paris • New York • Buenos Aires



Just a fraction

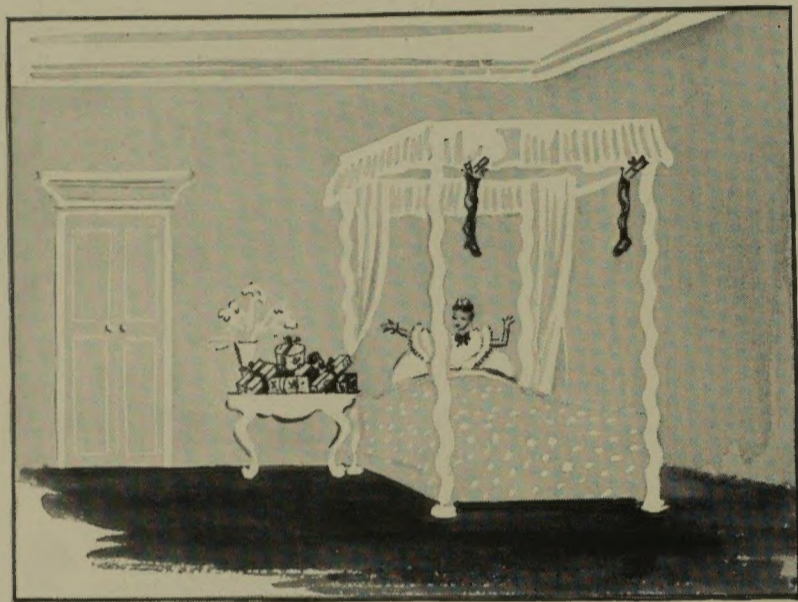
A fraction of an inch, where dress clothes are concerned, can make the vital difference to your comfort. Because of this we have six styles of dress collar, all in quarter-sizes. We have dress ties to fit every style. We make our dress shirts in fifteen different styles, all with a choice of three sleeve-lengths and three depths of front in every collar-size. We make our white waistcoats with three depths of front in all the principal styles and sizes. And we have tails and dinner suits tailored in advance to fit you perfectly.

TAIL COATS	7 guineas	WHITE WAISTCOATS	10/6 to 25/6
DINNER JACKETS	4½ guineas	BLACK WAISTCOATS	30/-
DOUBLE-BREADED DINNER JACKETS	5 guineas	DRESS SHIRTS	from 10/6
DRESS TROUSERS	45/-	DRESS COLLARS	8/6 a dozen
		DRESS TIES	from 1/-

AUSTIN REED
of Regent Street

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Gifts



Don't forget Her

You provide the girl-friend, sister, mother or sweetheart, and we provide the gifts. Harvey Nichols is the place to come. Harvey Nichols have everything that is lovely. Gloves, handkerchiefs, fine stockings, lingerie, jewellery, furs. And Harvey Nichols will put her gift in a beautiful box. Harvey Nichols and Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1

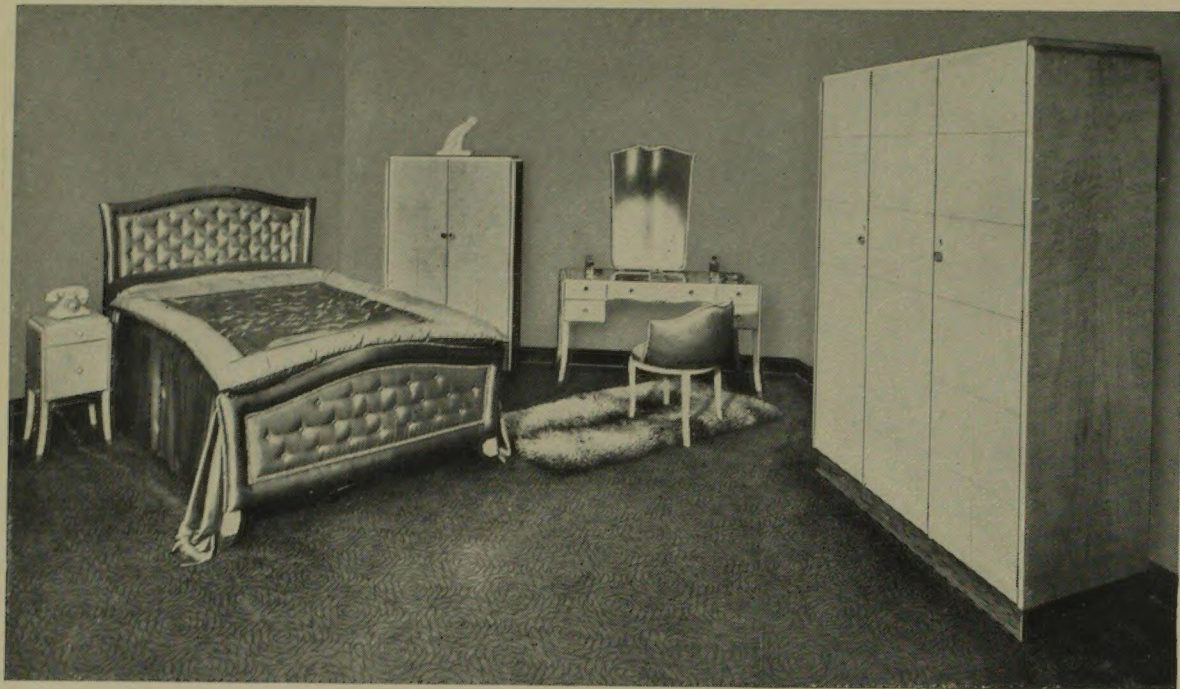
Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge



CHRISTMAS PRELUDE

Fashions and vogues change—but a Marshall & Snelgrove Fur, true to tradition, is always the utmost in quality. The handsome Natural Mink Coat pictured above is appropriate for day and evening wear and costs one hundred and twenty-nine guineas

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
Vere Street & Oxford Street, London, W.1



Hamptons are famous for beautiful Bedroom Furniture

Please write for HAMPTONS' NEW BOOK C.215, illustrating in colour, many of the latest productions and best values in Furniture, Carpets, Fabrics and Household furnishings of every description. Post free.

B. 7008.—Beautiful Maple Bedroom Suite of distinctive design relieved with gold decoration. Comprising 5 ft. Wardrobe, one third fitted, two shelves, three trays and two deep drawers, two thirds with rod for hanging and rails for shoes; full length mirror on inside of door; 4 ft. 0 in. Knee hole Dressing Table, the top of which is fitted with an inset pale blue mirror; 3 ft. 0 ins. Gentleman's Wardrobe, fitted one third and two thirds as above; Dressing Chair, upholstered in Oyster Satin. Complete for **£215 : 0 : 0**

B. 7008.—Bedside Table with drawer and cupboard **£17 : 17 : 0**

B. 3347.—4 ft. 6 ins. Bedstead, upholstered and buttoned in Oyster Satin with contrasting border of pale blue. **£23:10:0**

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C.V.S. 187

TOKENS of GOOD TASTE

Ask your Stationer for

SHARPE'S "CLASSIC"

Christmas Cards



“don't thank me thank

Giving a party? Then don't forget those touches of originality that brand you as a plus-hostess. Serve red wine from the wood in these decorative Provencal pitchers, brass banded.

Varnished oak (2½ pints) **10/6**

In natural oak (1½ pints) **12/6**

RIVOLI”

Almost embarrassing the thanks you get, when you give a present from Rivoli. Everything at Rivoli is new and exciting. Send for Christmas “Giftalogue,” illustrating over 400 gifts.

RIVOLI—in Gooch's, 63 BROMPTON RD., S.W.3



You can't go to all the parties!

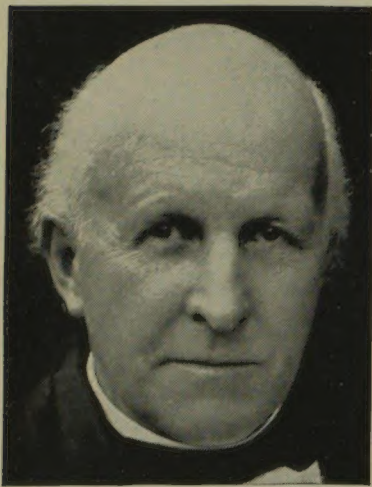
so send a

Greetings
telegram



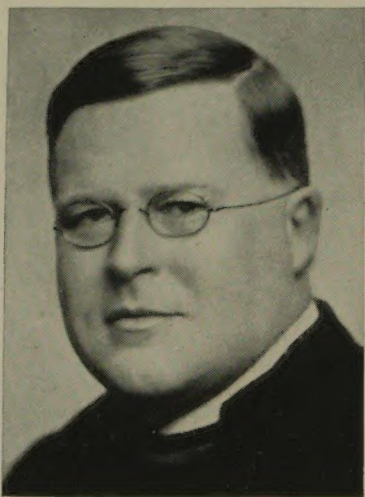
One penny a word, with a minimum of ninepence, is all it costs to have your good wishes joyously delivered on a festive form, enclosed in a golden envelope. Either hand your telegram in at any Post Office, or 'phone through to "Telegrams".

PLEADING HUMANITY'S CAUSE



His Grace
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY writes:

"I cordially commend this appeal. The Royal Cancer Hospital deserves all the help which can be given to it in its ceaseless endeavours to combat this scourge by patient research into its causes and by skilled and sympathetic treatment of those who suffer from it."



His Grace
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK writes:

"The Royal Cancer Hospital deserves the fullest support that can be given to it by all who have sympathy with suffering, and its appeal should meet with a most generous response, especially from those who, as Christians, are pledged to do what they can to bring comfort to any who are in distress."

Please send a Christmas Gift to the Treasurer

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3



AWAY FROM HOME, in ports of the world, Sailors will share the good will of the festive season through the British Sailors' Society Homes and Hostels. Sailors' widows and dependants, lighthouse crews, too, will be remembered. These world-wide Parties have become a tradition. This year is the 120th Sailors' Society Christmas.

Please give Jack a happy Christmas through the
BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY

Kindly send a gift to the Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, 680 Commercial Rd., London, E.14. (Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.)



WHEN looking at your own loved one, or of those of other families,

—DO YOU ever think of that other child—for whose protection the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children came into existence 54 years ago?

But for the intervention of this National Voluntary Society last year, 120,995 future citizens would be suffering to-day.

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT

to Wm. J. Elliott,
O.B.E., Director,
N.S.P.C.C., Victory
House, Leicester
Square, London,
W.C.2.



APPEALING FOR GIFTS AT CHRISTMASTIDE: CAUSES WHICH ASSIST OTHERS AT ALL TIMES.

CHRISTMAS is the season when children and their many needs occupy a special niche in our thoughts. In Dr. Barnardo's Homes there are 8200 girls and boys and babies looking forward to the festive season, and it is only through the generosity of the public that their hopes of a good time can be fully realised. Would you not like to help just one child in the Barnardo family to a happier time this Christmas? Such a step would bring happiness also to you, for there is no joy like the joy of giving pleasure to a small child. A special Christmas gift of a cheque towards the support of this great family should be sent to Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Such gifts should be crossed and made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

Cancer takes its toll of thousands of lives annually, but at the same time research work is carried on unceasingly in an effort to determine its causes and its cure. This work is forwarded by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund. Founded in 1902 as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Fund is working on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and, moreover, the laboratories became too small for the scope of the work, necessitating the building of new and modern laboratories. This expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal for donations, subscriptions and legacies, which should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

In many home and overseas ports our men of the sea are reminded by the Institutes and Hostels of the British Sailors' Society that they are not "out of sight, out of mind." Their folk at home are still thinking of them, and, through this Society, providing them with the hospitality that makes a foreign port at Christmas "just like home." Distressed sailors, sailors' widows and dependents, lighthouse keepers and lightship crews are also being helped. A donation to this cause will make your Christmas a happier one. The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, British Sailors' Society, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14, will gladly welcome Christmas gifts.

Among the centres of research which are conducting an energetic attack upon cancer, which strikes down rich and poor, old and young alike, is the British Empire Cancer Campaign, which has branches throughout the Homeland and in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. The struggle to conquer this scourge is a matter which concerns everyone, for cancer kills one person in seven over the age of

WILL YOU BE A 'FATHER CHRISTMAS' TO OUR CRIPPLED GIRLS?



There are large numbers of crippled girls so seriously handicapped that they cannot hope to earn a living unaided.

We have under our care 340 such girls who have become largely self-supporting because we have trained them to make beautiful artificial flowers.

We have a long Waiting List for admission to the Crippleage. Must we say No! No! No! to the pathetic appeals for this aid?

In addition, we maintain an Orphanage of 200 girls, from babies up to 15 years. These, and our other activities call for generous assistance to this Christian enterprise.

Report gladly sent on request.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE

AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (INC.)

37 Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

thirty-five and brings suffering and sadness in its train. The Honorary Treasurer in charge of the War Chest (now sadly depleted) is anxious that it should be replenished. All contributions will be gratefully received by him at 12, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.

Inaugurated in 1866, the work of John Groom's Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission is now fourfold. It provides a Training Home for 340 crippled girls, in which artificial flower-making is taught; an Orphanage for 200 girls; and a Holiday Home for crippled girls; and it undertakes evangelistic and philanthropic work in South-East and East-Central London. When the girls have completed their training at the work-rooms



STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING: A BIG EVENT AT THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES, WHERE THE GIRLS ARE PREPARED FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

on the Watford By-pass, at Edgware, and at Clerkenwell, they are retained as permanent workers, and are thus able to contribute to their own support. Owing to the cost of production and competition from abroad, the Training Branch is not yet completely self-supporting, and the Orphanage and Holiday Home are in need of financial assistance. A Christmas gift would be welcomed by the Secretary, John Groom's Crippleage, 37, Sekforde Street, London, E.C.1.

Since the founding of The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship in 1843, over 34,169 poor boys and girls have passed through the Society's hands, and have been trained to become useful citizens of

[Continued overleaf.]

John's Life Began

when he came under the Society's care. The unfortunate preceding years are forgotten and now John and his 1,200 poor brothers and sisters are being maintained



and trained to become worthy citizens. The boys are trained for definite trades—the girls for domestic service.

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED.

This Christmas, please make a collection amongst your friends to help carry on this National work.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

(FOUNDED 1843)

ROOM 16, 164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, K.G



Will all

FATHERS, MOTHERS, UNCLES, AUNTS, and everyone interested in children, please remember to post a contribution towards the CHRISTMAS HAPPINESS of 8,200 boys and girls in

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of **10/-** and upwards
would be most welcome.

Cheques, etc., (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 92 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Printers' Pension, Almshouse & Orphan Asylum Corporation

Offices: HANOVER HOUSE, 73-78, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Telephone: Chancery 8548 (2 lines). Robert H. Lucas, Secretary.

This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £51,000 a year amongst over 2,000 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse residents. At the recent election over 500 necessitous candidates, both men and women, sought its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of everyone who believes in helping those who help themselves. No eligible orphan of a subscribing Printer has ever been refused assistance.

500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.

Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary.

CHRISTMAS

When warm fires burn and hearts rejoice with Children's pleasures, there will be 35 very old invalids fighting a desperate battle with cold and hunger—hoping, although sufficient funds are not yet available for regular grants, that there may be a little special nourishment allowance from donations received by the

Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association

This Christmas please remember those who have found sadness and poverty in their old age.

The Secretary, 74, Brook Green, London, W.6



IT CAME TO THIS

So the P.D.S.A. acted!

During September's crisis many people were anxious for the safety of their animals, particularly those who were moved out of the danger zone but were not allowed to take their animals. The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals came to the rescue, and furthermore at once organised a complete emergency organisation for the protection of animals against sickness and wounds during war.

The P.D.S.A. is the only organisation founded exclusively for the free treatment of animals. In November 1917, one Dispensary was opened in the East End of London. To-day there are 104 Dispensaries, seven Caravans, four Hospitals. The P.D.S.A. operates also in France, Egypt, Palestine, Roumania, North and South Africa, Dutch East Indies, Eire, Greece and Morocco.

PLEASE HELP US TO
CONTINUE OUR FREE HELP
TO THE SICK ANIMALS OF
THE POOR BY CONTRIBUTING
AS GENEROUSLY AS YOU CAN

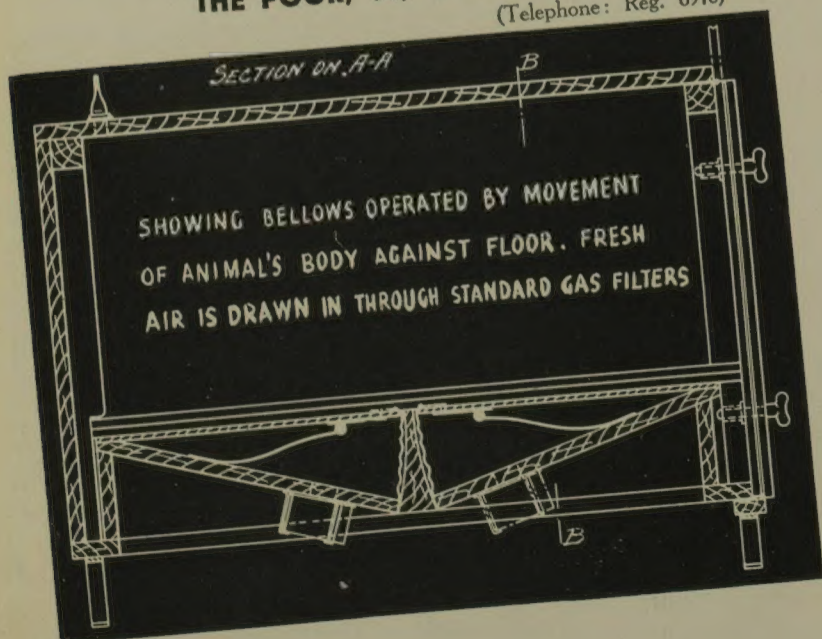


IT NEARLY CAME TO THIS

But the P.D.S.A. acted!

If war had come it would have found your dog and cat entirely unprotected. So the P.D.S.A. perfected the only gas-proof kennel, and this is now available as a comfortable peace time home that can be transformed instantly into a gas-proof refuge. The cost is moderate and all profits go to our Special Fund for Animal Distress.

Full information from
**THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS OF
THE POOR, 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1**
(Telephone: Reg. 6916)



Continued.

our great Empire. Some of the finest seamen in the world received their early training in the "Arethusa," and, to-day, the ship is still preparing boys for the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy. At the Newport Market Army Bands School, a branch of the Society, poor boys are trained for entry into Army bands. Those boys who are not trained for the Services are taught definite trades, and are always employable. The girls are prepared for domestic service; 1200 poor children are constantly being maintained and trained by the Society. Donations for this great work should be sent to the Headquarters, at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



LOOKING FORWARD TO THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES: A HAPPY MEMBER OF THE LARGE FAMILY OF 8200 GIRLS AND BOYS IN DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES.

The Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association was formed for the relief of gentle people who, owing to various causes, are in deep distress and, in many instances, on the verge of starvation. The Association makes weekly grants to 360 of its necessitous cases, and also supplies clothing, blankets and invalid comforts. Special allowances are also given to others who are in great distress. Unfortunately, the work is restricted owing to the lack of funds; and the Association appeals for help that assistance, and perhaps a little comfort, may be given to more of the many who have found poverty and sadness in their old age. Christmas gifts should be sent to Mrs. H. R. Bromley-Davenport, C.B.E., 74, Brook Green, London, W.6.

No one can doubt that the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is performing a most necessary work. As N.S.P.C.C. statistics show, the need for this voluntary national work has increased with the years and, paradoxical as it may seem, the more that is accomplished, the more there remains to be done. Last year, no fewer than 120,995 children were rescued from brutality and neglect. The Society's "Children's Men," of whom over 270 work unobtrusively throughout England, Wales and Ireland, are ever engaged in securing a fair chance for the citizens of to-morrow. The Director, William J. Elliott, O.B.E., at the Society's headquarters, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, will welcome the interest and support of readers.

This year, the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, the only organisation founded exclusively for the free treatment of poor people's animals, is twenty-one years old. It is now the largest international organisation in the world providing this service and treats over one million cases a year at its well-equipped dispensaries, hospitals and motor-caravan dispensaries. It works in the slums and the overcrowded districts of the great cities, and in the distressed areas of this country. Abroad it works in Eire, France, Rumania, Tangier, Egypt, Greece, South Africa, Palestine, and the Dutch East Indies. In addition to giving free treatment to hundreds of thousands of animals, the P.D.S.A. carries on a great educative work by teaching animal-owners—including many children—how to care for and protect their animal friends. Your gift should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. Viscount Tredegar, The P.D.S.A., 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

Standing in a district peopled for the most part by the poor is the Royal Northern Hospital, and to a million men, women and children living within the area it serves not merely as a hospital, but as the hospital. They depend upon it for the alleviation of all their ills, and this means they rely upon those who, living in happier circumstances, will give

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. Our previous accommodation has become too limited and we have recently built new modern laboratories to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £_____ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

something to enable the hospital to carry on its gigantic task. For those who would like to perpetuate the memory of a friend or relation, no finer memorial could be found than by naming a ward at a cost of £5000, or by endowing a bed for £750. No sum is too large or too small. Your donation will be welcomed by the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.

The Royal Cancer Hospital is supported entirely by voluntary gifts. It receives no grants from any Government or municipal service and no payments are asked from patients. An applicant is admitted on the facts that he is afflicted by cancer or tumour and is unable to pay. There are, inevitably, some for whom no hope of cure exists. For these a number of beds are appropriated. It can readily be understood that the treatment of patients in this hospital involves exceptional expenditure not only do they require costly treatment, but their general condition needs special diet. In addition to the care of patients, a Research Institute is carried on by a trained staff, engaged in investigating the problems of this disease. This adds seriously to the annual expense, but it is work of such world-wide reputation and importance that its hampering for want of funds would be a disaster. Christmas offerings should be sent to the Secretary The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

During the year, the Waifs and Strays Society received more than a thousand needy children and for many of them it is the first happy home they have known. The Society's present family consists of 4800 babies, boys and girls, some of whom are cripples, and, on an average, three new children come into the Society's Homes every day. They are cared for from babyhood to youth. The Homes are small, and are *real* homes, and every child is given individual care. The Society also has hospitals in which crippled children can be made strong again, and Vocational Training Homes where both girls and boys are taught to earn their own living before going out into the world. Donations will be gladly received by the Secretary, The Waifs and Strays Society, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

The great voluntary hospitals probably suffer to a greater degree than any other type of institution during, and long after, periods of national emergency. An immediate reaction to troubled times is that the flow of subscriptions and gifts practically ceases; while, at the same time, the hospital is, for reasons outside its control, compelled to increase its expenditure. It was recognised, even before the recent crisis, that Guy's must obtain an additional income from voluntary sources of some £20,000 a year. The King Edward's Hospital Fund for London has generously offered, on certain conditions, up to half this amount on a pound-for-a-pound basis for all additional voluntary income obtained within the present year in excess of the average received in the preceding three years. This means that a gift made now to the Treasurer, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.1, will be automatically doubled.



RESCUED FROM UNFAVOURABLE SURROUNDINGS: A LITTLE GIRL IN THE CARE OF AN INSPECTOR OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN. This Inspector received an appeal for help from a mother for her five children and herself. She was desperately ill and her family were being looked after by a relative unable to give them the needed assistance. The home and the children were in a badly neglected condition and the parents gladly agreed to the Society arranging to transfer the youngsters to a Home.

CHRISTMAS and the WAIFS



1/- will provide a Christmas stocking

2/6 will purchase a pudding

5/- will feed a child for one week

£1 will provide a CHRISTMAS DINNER for 20 children

4,800
BABIES,
CRIPPLES,
BOYS AND
GIRLS
NOW IN
OUR CARE

42,000
CHILDREN
ALREADY
PROVIDED
FOR

WILL YOU
BE THEIR
SANTA
CLAUS?

The Smallest GIFT Gratefully received by The Secretary

WAIFS & STRAYS

KENNINGTON SOCIETY LONDON S.E.11.

WAR WHICH CANNOT CEASE



Patron
His Majesty The King
President
H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester, K.G.

A World War, that might have cost millions of lives, has been averted. Another war, to *save* millions of lives, goes on unceasingly. The British Empire Cancer Campaign is waging war on cancer on four fronts.

1. By laboratory research into the causes and cure of cancer.
2. By clinical cancer research at the great Teaching Hospitals.
3. By financial aid to many institutions engaged in the fight against cancer.
4. By medical propaganda impressing upon the public the urgent necessity of seeking advice in the early stages of the disease.

As a thank offering for peace, please send a gift to the Hon. Treasurer to enable this humanitarian war to go on.

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Please send a special Christmas Gift to the Hon. Treasurer:
BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN, 12, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1



The General Hospital serving a Million Poor

RNH

The Hospital serves a million poor in North London and there are very many mothers among the patients whose families anxiously await their return. Everywhere in this district there is poverty, hardship and suffering, but very little money.

£174,000 has been received or promised towards £350,000 needed for reconditioning and rebuilding.

Please send a Christmas gift to the Treasurer.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY

LONDON, N.7

Quality



QUALITY first that is the guiding principle in the manufacture of 'Ovaltine.' Upon its supreme quality and unrivalled nutritive properties millions of people throughout the world rely for health and fitness.

The whole 'Ovaltine' organisation reflects the exceptional steps taken in the interests of 'Ovaltine' quality. The 'Ovaltine' Factory is acknowledged to be "the ideal of what a food factory should be." The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm, with its prize-winning Jersey Herd and the 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm extending over 350 acres, are amongst the most up-to-date and scientifically conducted farms in existence.

Thus the highest standards of quality and purity are ensured for the ingredients of 'Ovaltine.' The finest barley malt extract, the purest of milk and the freshest of new-laid eggs are combined by exclusive scientific processes. The result is a complete tonic food which contains every nutritive element required to build up perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

For all these reasons 'Ovaltine' stands in a class alone for quality and health-giving value. And as quality is all-important where health is concerned, make 'Ovaltine' the regular daily beverage for every member of your family. *Quality always tells.*

OVALTINE *Supreme for Health*

Prices in Gt. Britain and
N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 & 3/3

All
in the Interests
of
Quality

The OVALTINE FACTORY
in a Country Garden

The Ovaltine Dairy Farm with
its renowned herd of prize-
winning Jersey Cows.

The Ovaltine Egg Farm
extending over 350 acres and with
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COVER-PICTURE in Colours: "*GRACE BEFORE MEAT.*"

From the Painting by JAN STEEN (1626-1679).

A typical example of the alchemy by which the great masters of Dutch art transformed prosaic scenes of everyday life into compositions of entrancing beauty.

"*THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.*" A merry page, in Colour, illustrating a robust old English joke.

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This amusing illustration of Santa Claus up-to-date shows excited children receiving presents from an air-minded friend who zooms overhead, dropping his offerings by parachute—a far more romantic method of delivery than the old-world chimney route.

"*TROMPE-L'ŒIL.*" By Masters of the Brush.

This fascinating article, illustrated by reproductions in full colour, deals with those still-life paintings which almost trick the eye by means of their meticulous realism. They were beloved by our ancestors and are amusing to the modern vision.

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Infant angels, offering their tributes of music and flowers, surround the young Mother and the Holy Babe.

"*STREET ENTERTAINMENT IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE PORTRAYED IN CONTEMPORARY ART: 'THE FIGHT'.*" by GABRIEL JACQUES DE SAINT AUBIN (1724-1780).

"*STREET ENTERTAINMENT IN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND PORTRAYED IN CONTEMPORARY ART: 'PUNCH AND JUDY'.*" by BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON (1786-1846).

These two well-contrasted pictures illustrate the pleasures which our ancestors were able to enjoy in France and in England before the days of that most universal of all entertainments—the cinema.

"*DRESSING PUSSY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.*" From the Painting, "Miss Kitty Dressing," by JOSEPH WRIGHT OF DERBY (1734-1797).

This delightful picture of two little eighteenth-century girls adorning their pet kitten has a genuine Christmas charade flavour.

"*LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON.*" A Reproduction in Colour from the picture by M. W. PETERS, R.A.

The elegant eighteenth-century lady is posed out of doors; so the topmost curl of her high-piled hair is ruffled by the breeze, just to heighten her stylish artificiality. The artist was a cleric, famous in his day as a talented amateur.

"*FAIR WOMEN OF FRANCE OF THE ANCIEN RÉGIME: BEAUTIES OF PORTRAITURE AND IMAGINATION IN POSTURES GRAVE AND GAY.*"

"*FAIR WOMEN OF FRANCE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: FORMAL AND INFORMAL POSES AND A FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE LATER YEARS.*"

Two pages of reproductions in colour of portraits of charming and beautiful women of the eighteenth century. They illustrate the stylised grace of the famous artists of the period, including Greuze, Nattier, Antoine Coypel, Prud'hon, Drouais, and Trinquette, which makes them the ideal painters of feminine loveliness.

"*AN UNAPPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.*" From the Picture, "Tracing the North-West Passage," by J. J. TISSOT.

The passion for navigating distant seas may make a man neglect the languishing eyes and inviting grace of beauties at home for the lure of the bright eyes of danger.

NOTE.—All the characters in the fiction in this number are imaginary.

"*THE FRIEND OF MAN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: A TERBORCH AND OTHER STUDIES AND DOGS DECORATIVE AND SPORTING.*" Two Pages in Colour of Paintings and Drawings of Canine Subjects.

Three hundred years ago the sportsman had his gun-dogs and the boudoir was peopled with pampered, if charming, pets. These fine and amusing studies illustrate this; and show that seventeenth-century dog-fanciers adorned their household pets with tassels and bells.

"*THE STORY AND ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CARDS.*" An article of topical interest illustrated with Reproductions in Colour of the earliest Christmas cards and their predecessors, the "Christmas Pieces."

"*CHRISTMAS-TIDE FESTIVITIES IN THE OLDEN TIME: DRIVING THE 'FOOL PLOUGH' THROUGH THE STREETS; and THE MUMMERS—DRESSED IN COLOURED PAPER COSTUMES—PRESENTING A QUIANT PLAY OF IMMEMORIAL AGE.*" Two Pages of Drawings in Colour; with Notes, by MURIEL BRODERICK, calling up the spirit of Christmas in Merrie England.

"*THE CUPS THAT CHEER AS DRUNK IN COWPER'S DAY: TEA-TIME IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*" Three Reproductions in Colour of Paintings by Hogarth and by Eighteenth-Century British Artists.

The nice cup of tea, now accepted as the general panacea for all feminine ills, has a distinguished ancestry, some of which is traced in these delightful paintings, which include one showing an Archbishop at tea.

"*NATURE IN MOGUL ART: A PLANE-TREE AND SQUIRRELS.*" A Reproduction in Colour of a Mogul Painting in the possession of the India Office.

The Emperor Jahangir, from whose dynasty this delightful picture dates, was interested in animals, and when, on one of his journeys, he was presented with a squirrel, he called on an artist in his train to paint the curious beast.

"*AN OLD-TIME WINTER IN HOLLAND.*" By ALLART VAN EVERDINGEN. Two charming winter landscapes by the painter known as the Salvator Rosa of the North.

OUR SHORT STORIES.

"*SHELTER,*" by AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON. A Short Story. Illustrated by KENNETH INNS.

A motor-bicyclist, caught in a storm, takes shelter from the elements, but makes contact with elemental passions in a strange and ghostly "flash-back."

"*NONE GO BACK.*" A Short Story by HELEN SIMPSON, Author of "Under Capricorn." Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

This is the story of a dramatist who left the atmosphere of intrigue, noise, uncertainty and glory in which he has lived as a famous man in London, and retired to the country. The Vicar asks him to write a play for the church choir to perform. The Great Man complies, and is surprised at the result. The dramatist is a very well known one whose identity will astonish the reader.

"*AS TRUE AS THE CALENDAR.*" A Short Story by EARDLEY BESWICK, Author of "Original Design." Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

The mathematical discovery made by General Oddisher very nearly upsets the Christmas plans of his charming daughter, but a burglar with a passion for figures unexpectedly puts things right.

"*WEIGHT AND SEE.*" A Murder Thriller by CYRIL HARE, Author of "Death is No Sportsman." Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

The crime in this tale is brilliantly planned and carried out without a hitch, but the unforeseen quantity provided by the unusual bulk of the detective in charge brings the criminal to book.

"*DIBBER ON DUTY.*" A Short Story by EDWARD DICKINSON. Illustrated by EDMUND BLAMPIED.

Dibber, the dog, made his entry into the Fieldacre family last Christmas, as readers will remember. This year he has fallen into disgrace with Fieldacre père, a temperamental artist, and is under threat of banishment. By amazing tact and skill, he succeeds in gaining reinstatement.

"*THE VICAR SHOOTS THE AMBER.*" A Short Story by J. A. D. DEMPSEY.

The Vicar needs money for the church and gets it in a surprising manner, by means of a country-house fire, red tape, and his youthful experience as a racing-car driver.

SHELTER

By

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON,

Author of "The Summit," and "Deborah."

Illustrated by KENNETH INNS.

PETERS was a shy man. Ordinarily nothing would have induced him to ask for direction, but, shaken as he was by recent illness, the black sky intimidated him; and he slowed, turned his motor-cycle—he had run on too far—and went back to the gate where the man and girl stood. Dismounting, he approached them.

They did not notice him. Their attitude lover-like, there was yet a hint of the sinister about the couple. The man, head thrust forward, face almost touching the girl's, had a bullying, violent quality. He was talking, his voice like a turbulent stream.

Peters coughed; then, pitching his voice high, he asked, "Am I on the way to Cobbold Green?" The girl shrank, but the man, slow in releasing her, was as slow in turning. A broadly-built fellow, he showed brooding brown eyes, too far apart for quick wits.

"'Pends upon which way you's turning," he said.

Peters flushed, and explained.

"You took wrong turning at cross-roads," the other told him grudgingly. "You'll ha' to go a long way back; there ain't no short cuts."

"Oh, Rick, there be the path running past th' shed," the girl objected.

Her lover turned on her almost savagely. "'Tain't no way for strangers; lumpy, too—no good for that." He nodded toward the motor-cycle.

"Lord, here comes the rain! We'll be drowned!" cried the girl.

The heavens had indeed opened, and a deluge fell.

"We'd best make for th' shed," growled the lover. He dashed to the hedge and hustled out a couple of shabby bicycles. "And let's hope it ain't cluttered wi' rubbish."

His hatless head, massy with dark, turbulent hair, was being bespattered. He seemed to have forgotten Peters. "Pull your cape over your head, wench!" he shouted over his shoulder to the girl; then, urging her to him with a quick, masterful movement, made for a cleft in the opposite hedge, running the bicycles with him.

The girl looked back at Peters. The cape enshrouded her head; her eyes, peeping out, were very blue. "You'd best come, too, mister," she called. "'Tis a real flood."

Her lover loosed a bicycle for a moment to catch her arm and shake it; Peters could not hear what he said.

Peters shivered. He had no desire to accompany the couple, but in this deluge he would soon be soaked to the skin. He hurried after them, his thin face pinching with discomfort. The hedge's break led to a path, little more than a field-path. At the path's side, a pace or two ahead, stood a shed, its door banging.

The lovers entered, Peters following. There was plenty of room. The man piled the two bicycles against a wall, and Peters rested his cycle against them. Against the far wall was a rude bench; upon this the lovers disposed themselves. "Lots of room," said the girl.

Peters, after a moment's hesitation, seated himself on what seemed to be an ancient milking-stool by the wall to the right of the couple. In a racked way he watched the door bang.

The girl spoke, impishly, "Well, you've got me into a private place, after all," she said to her lover; "but you ain't able to go on with your scolding, not with a gentleman present."

Her companion turned and stared at Peters, as if only now aware of him. With a restless movement he rose, went to the door and looked out. Then his eyes slid round to Peters. "You're far enough from Cobbold Green," he muttered.



The girl looked back at Peters. The cape enshrouded her head . . . "You'd best come, too, mister," she called.

"He ain't able to push on, not in this storm," said the girl. Peters turned at the sound of her voice, and she smiled across at him. The blue of her eyes was a flower's blue, innocent; but he got the impression that she was playing with her lover, as some women always play with men. "Play with fire," thought Peters. He said nothing.

The man Rick stretched, and wrenched the door of the shed roughly shut. The ramshackle place shook. "Oh, 'twill be over soon enough," he said. The door closed, the light in the shed was dim, coming from a high window and cracks in door and roof. A stream of water poured from the roof upon the bicycles. The man noticed this, moved the machines, then went back to his place by the girl.

"And who are you making eyes at?" he growled at her. He looked back at Peters, but Peters' eyes were closed.

"You'd like to know, wouldn't you?" the girl asked teasingly. "Well, not at you, Mr. Would-be-Handsome. Lord, if it ain't stuffy wi' that door shut! I feel cooped up, like a hen."

"Maybe you'd like to be skin-wet," the man cast at her.

"Maybe." She threw back her head and her slim throat rippled with laughter.

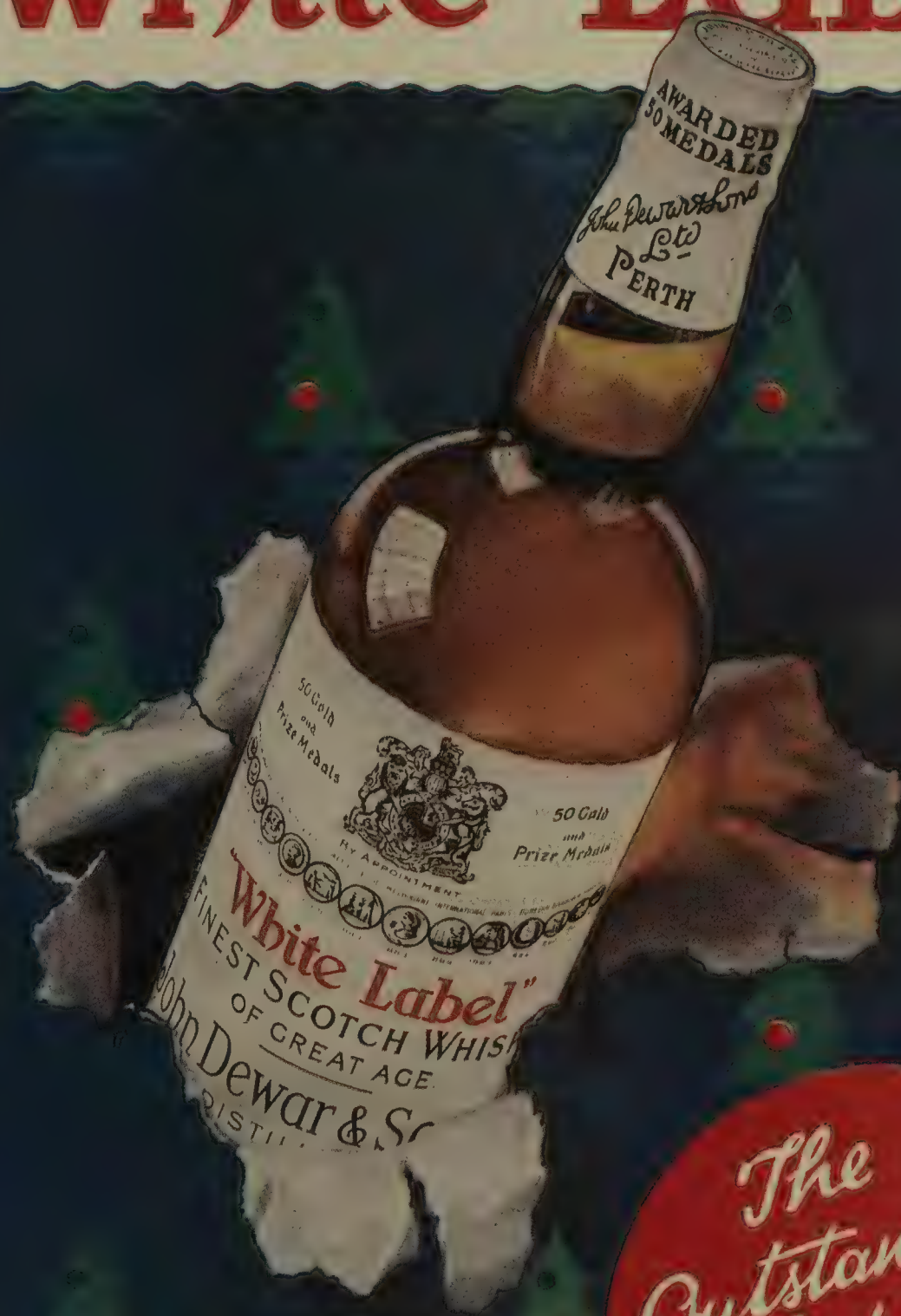
"Light for him to see your tricks by, that's what you want, ain't it?" her lover asked in a smothered tone. "Well, he ain't looking at you—see."

"Not when you look, he ain't," whispered the girl. She broke into a soft giggle.

Peters heard it and moved uneasily. He wished she would leave the chap alone. A surly fellow, but she wasn't going the right way

[Continued overleaf.]

Dewar's "White Label"



IT NEVER VARIES

*The
Outstanding
Whisky for
Christmas*

about managing him. Peters closed his eyes again. He wished he were at his journey's end. He went on to speculate. Wondered if his uncle were much changed. Kind of the old chap to invite Peters to Cobbold Green to recuperate after his illness. Perhaps he—Peters—had been silly in travelling down on a motor-cycle; but he hadn't anticipated a storm like this, and he had felt up to the journey. He hadn't wanted to appear invalidish, either. All the same, he had a bit of a headache. Effect of the close air, no doubt. Was that thunder? By Jove, yes. Here was the real storm. Though the rain was hanging back again, the skies were darker, the stillness in the air ominous.

The shed grew quite dark. Peters, twisting, could make out only a glimmer here and there, and a white smear: the girl's face.

There was a flash: thunder followed it, hard and clattering.

"Ooooo!" breathed the girl from her corner. "Open the door, Rick. It ain't safe shut."

Apparently Rick agreed. He dragged himself from her side. . . .

But Peters had forestalled him. He threw the door wide.

There seemed little freshness; but Peters felt an odd relief. The shed held storm, he felt, brooding, dangerous. Why did she keep jabbing at the fellow? Silly.

"Silly! As if you could!" she mocked.

"Then cease blaming me for it!" the man retorted, while a flash of lightning lit the shed, to leave it in a deeper darkness. His voice sank to a whisper, and he began some kind of vehement, smothered expostulation. The rain now fell in heavy, intermittent splashes.

Peters listened to it. Presently it would be merely trickling. But there was a deluge in the sky. When that fell, the worst of the storm would be over. He could hear a scuffle on the bench, and sighed. Why couldn't they compose their differences? Or, better still, part and go their separate ways? He could not imagine a more ill-assorted couple.

"You keep your distance till you learn manners!" the girl broke out. She was pushing the man off. Probably with that fatal levity.

Peters had heard of telepathy: he wondered if he could send the girl a message, a warning. Of what? He hardly knew.

Then his thoughts left the couple. He wished the storm would reach its worst and pass. But for his recent illness he would have mounted his cycle and ridden through it to Cobbold Grange. He pictured the Grange: old, shabby, but offering the comfort of a warm fire, good food, and a fragrant-sheeted bed. . . . Peters dozed.



"Well, he ain't looking at you—see?" "Not when you look, he ain't," whispered the girl. She broke into a soft giggle. Peters heard it and moved unsafely.

At his back he could hear the girl say, "My, ain't that stranger tall! Taller than Ned Packett. He's got an interesting face, too."

"I ain't noticed," Rick said sullenly. "I ask you once again, Rose, how did you get to be coming back from Hawthorns wi' Ned Packett on Wednesday?"

"On Wednesday wi' Ned Packett," chanted the girl in a high voice, "on Tuesday wi' Tom Grain, maybe, on Monday wi' . . . Who're ye tacking on to me for Monday?"

"You was wi' me on Monday; Tuesday, too," the low voice said. "As for Tom Grain. . . . There ain't many folks I trust, but Tom do be one of them. No walking out wi' a friend's girl for Tom. No, it's about Ned Packett I'm asking. And you've got to answer me, girl, or things'll be a bit queerer than you think. Did you run into Ned or did Ned—"

A forked light tore the heavens, zigzagged over the fields. There came a deafening uproar. Peters retreated farther into the shed, dragging his stool. He could not make out the lovers. Perhaps they were clinging together, the girl brought to her senses by the din.

"There now, safe you are, safe in my arms, my pretty," the man said, his tone roughly tender.

"I never could bear lightning nor storm," whimpered the girl, "and 'twas you drew me out into them, Rick Thorne. And you so grumpy and ill-humoured!"

"How was I to know there'd be a storm. I didn't make it, did I?" the man asked loudly, his voice full of exasperation.

When he awakened he knew that the storm was passing over. The thunder was distant, the flashes fewer. Rain was falling in torrents. From the shed roof a stream was pouring. A pale light penetrated the shed.

Peters turned to look at the couple. He could see the man's broad shoulders as he sat askew trying to imprison the girl, or so it seemed. But the girl was leaning far back, her head resting against the wall of the shed, and she smiled at Peters. Her flimsy hat had fallen off: her hair shone like a dim sun.

Provocative, that smile, and the man Rick savagely twisted to follow her glance. Peters met that bold dark stare with a polite indifference, let his own gaze veer. He yawned. He was, indeed, very tired.

"Bored? Well, you'll be able to move on soon," the man said in a kind of helpless fury.

"Yes," Peters said quietly, "I shall."

The man, after a little more of that hard stare, turned again to the girl and resumed what appeared to be an interrogation. She barely answered him, and ever and anon her eyes slewed round to the stranger on the stool.

Peters leaned back and closed his eyes. She was really a pretty girl, he thought, but with a prettiness men should beware of. Then he stole a glance at her. At that moment lightning flooded the shed and lit her face. A cold horror gripped Peters. He felt sick, distraught, petrified. If this vision persisted. . . .

[Continued on page 58.]



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"THE NELSON TOUCH."

This picture illustrates the famous incident when Nelson, visiting Lord Sidmouth shortly before Trafalgar, dipped a finger in the port and sketched with the wine on the table his plan for the expected battle. Lord Sidmouth says (as recorded by Pellew): "Lord Nelson came on that day [September 10, 1805] and passed some hours at Richmond Park. This was our last meeting." The biographer continues: "He [Lord Sidmouth] was accustomed in after years to relate that Nelson explained with his finger, on the little study table, the manner in which, should he be so fortunate as to meet the combined fleets, he proposed to attack them. . . . Rodney broke the line in one point: I will break it in two. . . . There," said Lord Sidmouth to Miss Harland, who has reported the anecdote, "is the table on which he drew the Battle of Trafalgar but five weeks before his death." A brass plate was inserted in the table with an inscription recording the circumstances. Henry Addington was raised to the Peerage as the first Viscount Sidmouth in January, 1805, on retiring from the Premiership. "When he took office in 1801" (says the "Dictionary of National Biography"), "official duty made it necessary for Addington to reside near London, and the King assigned him the White Lodge in Richmond Park." The historic table is now in the present Lord Sidmouth's possession at his Devon seat, Up Ottery Manor, Honiton.

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. D. MCCORMICK, R.I.

THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS
CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1938



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!



CHRISTMAS "SHOPPING" ON THE ICE

Though not specifically defined as a Christmas scene, this fascinating picture of a 17th-century market on the ice at Dordrecht has certainly a seasonable air, and doubtless represents the conditions of much Christmas shopping at that period. It also illustrates, in delightful variety, Dutch outdoor social life—costume, vehicles, horse-harness, vendors' tents, and winter pastimes such as skating, sledging, and ice-boat sailing—besides a picturesque view of the town. The artist, Gerard van Batten.

FROM THE PAINTING ENTITLED "MARKET SCENE, DORDRECHT," BY GERARD VAN BATTEN (1650-1684).



IN SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HOLLAND.

was born and died at Rotterdam. "His oil paintings," says Dr. Wustbach's "Netherlands Dictionary of Art," "are much rarer than his gouaches. They are very fine and rich, full of numerous small figures. His landscapes are reminiscent of Philip Wouerman. In one of Ruyssdael's pictures, representing the old Fish Market of Amsterdam, the figures were painted by van Batten. Some of his paintings and drawings can be found in the Museums of Meiningen, Schleissheim, Berlin, Erlangen, Rotterdam and Vienna."

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE OWNER, MR. EUGENE SCHLICHTER, 35, BURY STREET, ST. JAMES'S LONDON, S.W.1.



AIR-MINDED "FATHER CHRISTMAS": PRESENTS BY PARACHUTE.

Christmas, like all human institutions, is subject to change, and must adapt itself to new inventions and discoveries. Aviation, for instance, has it in its power to effect a revolution in the mode of delivering the season's gifts and greetings. Father Christmas, in fact, may quite possibly forsake the chimney, with all its grimy discomfort, for the purer regions of the air, and use instead the latest means of rapid transport and communication. Our artist's picture shows an example of such up-to-date methods—a country family receiving a package of presents dropped by parachute by an airman friend flying over the house in his machine.

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. TURNER.



They met cheerfully, the dramatist glad to be delivered from his thoughts, the clergyman grateful for the sun on his shoulders. . . .

None Go Back

By HELEN SIMPSON,

Author of "Under Capricorn," and "Saraband for Dead Lovers."

Illustrated by

GORDON NICOLL, R.I.



HE dramatist was happy. He knew it clearly; he told himself in so many words that he was happy. He walked in his garden with a book under his arm, from time to time halting to observe the absurdities of a world rather smaller than his own; a bumble-bee stuck in the bell of a flower too narrow for him, a thrush puzzled by the resistance of a snail-shell to repeated thwackings upon stone. It was calm, this garden. It was not too trim, not too professional; and the vegetables, instead of being hidden in a kind of servants' quarters behind a hedge, came into the open among the gentry flowers, displaying foliage hardly less elegant than theirs. The dramatist looked at it all, reckoned up the price in his head, and gave a slight whistle. This whistle, while it recognised the fact that he had paid rather more for the house and garden than they might in open market have commanded, had a kind of admiring quality, too. It said, in its brief, breathy sound: "You paid too much, but what of it? You can afford not to haggle. You've done well for yourself. You can give yourself the rich man's satisfaction of not asking too many questions. You are a remarkable fellow."

He agreed with the findings of the whistle, and was even prepared to add one or two instances of his own remarkableness. Walking slowly, casting about him a proprietor's eye, wide awake yet indulgent, he reflected that in spite of all the proverbs there was a ripe savour to success; and of that savour the chief ingredient, the sage of the stuffing, was such evidence as this, his rich garden and house spread out under the nose of a town which had begun by being ashamed of him. He was perfectly well aware that the triumph was a cheap one; it was none the less worth having. He could have bought as many acres elsewhere, perhaps, for less money, but it pleased him to have his garden in just this town, to set himself up among just these neighbours, and by way of recreation to watch their faces every now and then. It was not the kind of satisfaction a wise man admitted to himself, except by an occasional whistle. It came upwards in his mind, however, on this summer morning, combining with the warm air, the scents, and the sight of the solid black and white house to allow him to know that he was happy.

He was not, he told himself, wholly a man of the theatre. The atmosphere of noise, uncertainty, and intrigue was not necessary to him. Everybody had said, when he announced in London his intention to quit the theatre, that he was quite mad; he would be miserable in the country; he would be back in twelve months. He had told the croakers, and now repeated to himself, that he was a man of the country; a man with his roots in the soil. He had made money enough, and when that was done the thing was to live. In London you did not live, he told them, because you had no time to be aware of life. The theatre people accepted this

saying sagely, intimating that just so had they always thought, and just so would they have behaved had circumstances allowed. He knew very well that they were not convinced. They agreed with him because they were glad he was retiring. The competition among writers for the stage was deadly, something like the competition among fish in a pond. He was the big fish, the pike swallowing up lesser men; and the lesser men, though they mourned officially, were, in the secret places of their hearts, glad that he was going. He knew it, and forgave them. A man of the soil had gone back to the soil. He was happy.

The book under his arm happening to be a Bible, he opened it to look for an image which should show forth his content. He had a great feeling for the Bible. It was full of tremendous images which had no relation to life and set the imagination working; he was—had been—indebted to it for much of the dignity of his prose. Also he was accustomed to open it without warning, catching it unawares, so as to follow the advice given by the first text upon which his prying fingers rested. He knew that such behaviour was by no means grown-up, but comforted himself with the thought that even the most serious-minded persons had been used, in less enlightened times, to do the same by Virgil.

He opened the Bible, therefore, eyes shut, and ran his finger down a page, hesitating; at last, half-way down, it came to rest. He consulted the oracle: read—frowned.

"For they shall be ashamed of the oaks which ye have desired, and they shall be confounded for the gardens that ye have chosen."

He shut the book with a bang, dropped it on a convenient bench, and continued to walk, contentment a little clouded. He was not pleased with the Book, which sometimes thus turned mischievous, rewarding a question concerning finance with a list of the children of Shem, or one more romantic with the diagnosis and treatment of leprosy. He knew the fault lay with him; that this was not the way to treat the work of prophets and evangelists. He would have been indignant had anyone served one of his own plays in the same manner. He reproached himself. But all of a sudden, walking, he had a discontent for his chosen gardens and a desire to be, just for an hour, back among the passions torn to tatters, the jealousies and quick intuitions of the stage.

He turned suddenly, aware of intrusion, though no foot sounded on the grass. The Vicar was advancing, smiling, with his little look of diffidence that had nothing to do with poverty of spirit. The dramatist liked the Vicar. He was conversible, and could drink a pint of beer without self-consciousness. They met cheerfully, the dramatist glad to be delivered from his thoughts, the clergyman grateful for the sun on his shoulders and the gaiety of the flowers. They talked easily, walked a little, and at last came to rest at the bench on which the Bible lay.

"Strange reading for a man of your profession," said the Vicar, his hand patting the leather in a friendly fashion. "Yet I have sometimes thought that nowhere could one find a better collection of dramatic plots."

The dramatist agreed. He would have liked, he said, to try his hand at one or two of them; but the censorship was strict, there was no knowing where it might strike next. One did not choose to have six months' work knocked on the head by some Court official.

"In the old days," said the Vicar, "that was not so. It was permitted to bring all the personages of the Gospels on to the stage, which, being only the boards of a cart, perhaps lent the performance a redeeming simplicity. You are too elaborate nowadays. You try too hard, perhaps come too near truth. You give offence with your semblance of reality. Your ancestors edified, being humble."

"The best in this kind," said the dramatist, quoting, "are but shadows; and the worst no worse, if imagination mend them."

"That is true," said the Vicar. "Very true. And it brings me to what I have to say. I am an angel—only in the sense, don't misunderstand me, of messenger. I come with a request. Now, may I speak without let or hindrance for five minutes?"

The dramatist nodded and, leaning back while he listened, surveyed the oaks he had desired. The Vicar came at once to his matter, after a quick glance at his host's face.

"I want you to write us a play." The dramatist sat up, mouth open to challenge. "Your promise, your promise! A play for the church choir to perform—" And he went on to develop his plan. The church needed money. Private generosity was not what it had been, and if the play could be completed and put in rehearsal by the end of October there was a very good chance of interesting the local great family, which during part of that month might be entertaining royalty. Yes, royalty. "Aha! Londoners don't know everything. I have it from a quite undoubted source. The latter part of October. You see what an opportunity. Well? Or, rather"—retreating from the omen of the dramatist's shaken head—"give it your consideration. A brief play—possibly some Bible story. In these remote parts, you know, there is not likely to be any interference, so long as due reverence is preserved. Give it consideration. Do not answer now."

He got up with some excuse of being required at the other end of the parish, and made polite good-byes. His host walked with him to the gate, amused by the Vicar's obvious attempt to keep off an immediate "no" with chatter, and left him, promising to think the thing over.

This promise he faithfully observed, walking up and down. It was his practice to be honest with himself, and he recognised that the Vicar's suggestion had come very pat. He had been about to hanker for London and work and the pulling of puppet-strings. This little play, acted by local people, might serve to drain the fever out of him. He took up the Bible, did not consult it, and walked indoors to the room where he kept

his books, which he refused to allow his wife to call the library, having too good a notion of what a true library should be.

His wife was there, putting a jug full of flowers in the window. She watched him, first inquisitively, then sullenly, as he searched in the drawers of his table for paper.

"Not work?"

He answered reassuringly, "No, not work." He knew that the thought of work, with its implications of London, made her angry and jealous, and he was in no mood for a domestic scene. He was from time to time extremely sorry for his wife, whose ambition it was to get on in the county and to have a husband indistinguishable from other county husbands. His distinction she resented in so far as it meant sharing him with strangers. She had been very solitary in the past, he knew, and he tried, now that they were together, to spare her such needless pain as he could. He lied, therefore: told some story about notes which the Vicar had begged him to make. She found the ink for him, and he set off into his garden again.

He had determined already to make his play from a Bible story, and in the short walk back to the bench he tried and rejected two or three. A character only once mentioned in the Gospels attracted his memory suddenly: the mother-in-law of St. Peter. He considered St. Peter and the slight atmosphere of Rome that hung about him; no need to lay stress on that. The drama would lie in the calling of this man from among his lobster-pots and eel-traps to be group-leader of the new faith; his certainty of election triumphing over female obstruction, female resentment of men who escape from their families, going off alone along untried ways. That part of the story, he thought, with an involuntary turn of his head towards the house, he could do convincingly and well.

The framework of his fantasy thus fixed, he turned his mind to the available actors. It was a sign that he had been a full year in rustication that he should have thought of the play first. In London players came first: plays were written for and round them; they were fitted with their plays as with their dresses or shoes. The dramatist, amused at himself, reflected that one might become an honest man if one kept to the country for long enough, and began to set down on his paper the list of possible performers as he remembered it. Men and boys only; one oldish man, two of thirty or so, one young man; boys assorted, to the tune of six. These last, following an ancient tradition which had always seemed to him fantastic, might take on the Gospel ladies between them. The thought of Mary Magdalene played by an infant of twelve or so made him laugh aloud. Still, it would be a novelty; and, after all, a boy once had voiced the great cry of Lady Macbeth: "I have given suck, and know what 'tis to love the babe that milks me." He would, he determined, make Mary Magdalene far less feminine than that. She need not speak at all. She had better sing. Why not make some use of all these voices?

Magdalene, Peter's wife, Peter's mother. He wrote down the boy characters and appropriated to the men their corresponding figures: Peter, James and John, villagers and fishermen. Queries and a note or two appeared on the paper: What sort of fish in Galilee? Speech about stones or rocks for Peter. Roman soldiers?

He began to write the speech about stones. It came flowingly; the images were fresh, the language simple. He had acquired of late years, thanks to the co-operation of skilled actors, a difficult involuted style, which demanded for its proper appreciation an audience nearly as skilled. This country cast could never manage such subtle stuff. He must use words of one syllable, looking for no help from gesture or intonation such as professionals could give. It was an excellent discipline and fruitful; one more feather in the country's cap.

He wrote on, wrote well; not exactly enjoying himself—the new discipline of simplicity was too strict for that—but with a feeling that elation was waiting to descend upon him as soon as he had finished the scene.

The treacherous soft grass gave him no warning of his wife's approach. The high midday sun could not even throw a shadow forward to bid him gather his intellects for self-defence. Not until she was standing beside him did he look up, startled, and one guilty hand went forward to cover his written paper, which presented the unmistakeable broken appearance of the script of a play.

For once she was not loudly argumentative. She only said, with an ironic, one-sided twist to her mouth, that since he had assured her he had no intention of working she was bound to believe him, and reminded him that there was a meal waiting. He refrained from cursing the meal and got up with sham alacrity, leaving the scribbled papers behind with the Bible to weigh them down against wind. Even he slipped his arm comfortably through his wife's as they walked back to the house, but the muscles of the arm stiffened and he was aware that his peace was not yet made.

He ate heartily in an attempt to please, and as he cut again at an excellent ham, dissected his own motive for pleasing. "I must have quiet to get this little play done. Why do it at all? Because it will prevent me from desiring again the larger world of plays. I am beginning to hanker, and I must not. The wise man gives up when he is at the top of his powers. I am a wise man. I gave up, and I must not go back. This play will occupy me and prevent my going back. Therefore I must have peace in which to write it."

And he congratulated his wife on the ham. She took the compliment with that bend of the head he had always liked, and for a moment recaptured the charm she had had for him twenty years ago. Almost he was ready to confide in her and ask her help. But caution prevailed. When they got up from table he sauntered off again to his bench in the garden by a roundabout path, and with a casual air that did not take



His wife was there, putting a jug full of flowers in the window. She watched him, first inquisitively, then sullenly, as he searched in the drawers of his table for paper.

her in for a moment. She watched him go. He could feel on his shoulders her long gaze, weighty with suspicion and the beginnings of new unhappiness.

She did not come to the bench, and as the work went well he soon had forgotten her. His characters, which already interested, began to delight him: Peter, the simple man, badgered by his mother-in-law and his wife, he drew from his recollection of one of the river fishermen of his youth, who had been used to spear eels with a toothed pole twenty feet long, and to trap other fish in long, intricate nets the shape of gigantic stockings. Peter's wife—he hesitated, then let her speeches run as they would along the channel ready-made for them: scolding speeches, narrow and deadly as her husband's nets. The mother-in-law turned out very well, a bawdy old lady who embarrassed Peter by taking his part when in drink, and applauding his desire for a new life with commendatory hiccups and irrelevant song. The Magdalene was shadowy, but he could not risk a boy's playing of the part. The sons of Zebedee and various neighbours were portraits, easily recognisable by those familiar with the affairs of the town twenty years ago. The whole play was a richly comic piece of local history, in which an ancient story was recalled and recoloured: the story of a certain alderman who had got religion with much fervour, together with a direct personal revelation that he must have nothing to do with temptation in the person of his wife. The dramatist, twisting this neatly into the bare framework of the Gospel story, found it fit like a glove—saw the shape of the play inherent in the first speech or two. He wrote with the pleasure that conscious skill gives. He forgot to assure himself of happiness. Simply, and beyond any need of assurance, to the marrow of his bones he was content.

The play took him a week. Its first draft was ready in two days. After that he began to tinker with it, to put in more local jokes and references; and he wrote in one or two speeches which had nothing to do with the main theme at all, for the agreeable sensation of knowing himself still a master of words. He was obliged to tell a few lies to his wife, and to do some of the work at odd times (and in places more than odd), in order to allay suspicion. He believed he had been reasonably successful—certainly she had made him no scenes. Once, when a neighbour and his

wife had come to dine, she said, using the strangers as a kind of trench from which to shoot at him, that there could now be no question of his ever going back to the theatre. "He's said good-bye to it. What can be more undignified than to go, and come, and keep on saying good-bye, and here we are again, every six months?" The dramatist laughed, as did the guests, but he knew it for a warning. He listened meekly while his wife talked about the rich and interesting people they were beginning to know, and never once betrayed, by word or look, his lack of ambition with regard to the county.

In the evening of that day he assembled his play and drifted off with it in the direction of the Vicarage. The Vicar welcomed him with exclamations of incredulity and joy. So soon! Only eight days! Really, these writers for the stage had an easy life of it. Just scribble, scribble, and not even obliged to think of their own plots half the time! "Well, well," said the Vicar, calming down, "you must forgive me. In fact, I hardly know what to say—how to thank you. We shall have ample time to rehearse and make plans. The men will feel it such an honour! I do trust you have put in plenty of fights—or, at least, the chance of wearing helmets and swords."

The dramatist explained that he had abandoned the idea of soldiery, but one or two could be put in if they did not object to having nothing to say. There was, he feared, no fight.

The Vicar was sorry for that. He had hoped that there might be something of the kind; the men liked to wear finery, and their wives enjoyed contriving it; fights, too, made the business more lively. "I suppose," said the Vicar, hopefully turning the leaves of the script, "you haven't included King Herod? No? Nothing in the way of crowns and dignitaries at all? No doubt you know best. But we are simple fellows here, you know—simple fellows. We enjoy the pretence of being other than we are. I see you have used many of the local turns of speech."

The dramatist, with a slight sinking at his heart, took this as a text and delivered a brief address concerning his intentions. The local speech had been used because it would be, for these inexperienced players, easier to speak than any high-faluting. The crowns and swords had been left

out for the same reason; that King Herod and the Roman Governor, played with the accent of an inland shire, must become, very undesirably, comic figures. The parts, as written, were all well within the actors' compass. He took pains to make clear to the Vicar, attentively nodding, that this was the practice in the metropolis: plays were written round and for the actors, according to their special competence.

"No doubt," the Vicar doubtfully said, and repeated it: "No doubt. I am not questioning. I only state that it is not impossible one or two of them may be somewhat disappointed. I cannot tell, of course, without having read the play. Comic figures—well, perhaps. But is there any harm? I seem to recollect, from what I have been told of old plays of this kind, that Herod and Judas were frequently depicted as comical personages. But still—only eight days!"

The dramatist said that it had been done too often, and that the ruling passion of the modern theatre was a frantic desire to escape from convention. He personally had no sympathy with any such desire. He believed that within the conventional framework originality still might find room, and so on, the Vicar nodding away in sympathy, turning the leaves of the script over and over. The dramatist was not exactly angry, but the Vicar's attitude was distasteful to him for two reasons. First, it seemed to accuse him of having forgotten, or not reckoned upon, country ways of thought; and this was troubling to the returned son of the soil. Secondly, though plenty of gratitude had been expressed, it was not quite of the right kind. An expert, pleased when the speed at which he works is commended, prefers that other aspects of his achievement should be focussed for compliment. He stood up suddenly and hoped with

great civility that he might be told when rehearsals began, so that he might help with advice—if, indeed, advice were needed.

"By all means," said the Vicar cordially. "We rely on you. You remember what I told you about the distinguished visitor? I have high hopes. And with your help, when it becomes known that it is you who are our author—"

His smile now was satisfying; disturbed vanity settled down under it. They talked of other matters a while, and the dramatist went home.

His secret disposed of, his demeanour to his

wife became normal once more. Of this he was quite unaware. He believed himself to be behaving exactly as he had for a week past behaved. In fact, he was omitting certain very suspicious confidences and reticences. Now, if he wished to stroll in the garden, he went there direct, without any airy word thrown over his shoulder to the effect that he was about to do so. He became once more uncertain, instead of nervously punctual, in his attendance at meals. His wife observed, but made no comment. Some days went by.

The dramatist, turning over remembered phrases of his play and applauding them, became impatient. Written scenes to him were nothing, shapeless, unborn creatures, until the human voice came to give them body and the audience, by its sounds or its silences, encouraged them to live. He went about among the gardens that he had chosen with an ear alert for the Vicar's step. He wanted to attend the first absurd rehearsal—to hear his speeches mangled and to suffer. With surprise he awoke to the fact that he had not known that happy suffering for a full year. He felt his skin thickening; he was ashamed to have been so content. But as he listened and no Vicar came, he thought that perhaps, after all, the capacity for self-torment had not been wholly lost.

The step sounded one cool evening as he was with his wife in a room that looked on to the garden, she working away by a wood fire at some tapestry chair-seat, he standing by the window with, as ever, a book in his hand. The Vicar was upon them almost without notice, and began, speaking in his parochial voice of worn cordiality, to apologise for the intrusion. The dramatist stopped him with the suggestion that they should take a walk in the air, to which the Vicar returned a puzzled look that strayed to the window. Sure enough, it had begun to rain, softly, implacably. The worker in wools showed no sign of quitting the room, and when her husband suggested that the Vicar might have business to discuss and himself moved towards the door the Vicar appeared not to be alive to the hint. Indeed, he drew nearer to the canvas. He had the look of a man not very certain of his welcome, clinging to small talk and the niceties of ladies' company for refuge. He admired the stitchery,



He admired the stitchery, disobeying the dramatist's impatience.

disobeying the dramatist's impatience. When he had no more comments to offer upon the choice of wools he turned to the weather and dealt at length with that.

The dramatist perceived at last that heroic measures had become necessary. He had hoped to conceal from his wife for a while longer his complicity in this play, but since, when it came to performance, she must learn the truth, he, a good strategist in domestic warfare, determined that the first intimation of his backsliding should reach her while the presence of a third person protected him from the extremity of reproach. He blessed the Vicar's obtuseness and came out plump with an enquiry about the date of the first rehearsal.

If he expected his question to relieve the tension he was disappointed. The Vicar gave a start, and replied, as though the matter were one which had completely escaped his mind:

"Rehearsal? Ah, yes. I believe I had something to impart to you with regard to that."

But he did not impart it immediately. He took up the wools again and scanned them admiringly. The dramatist, imagining this halt to be the result of tact misplaced, defiantly informed his wife that the locals were doing a play of his—a trifle, nothing of importance; it might interest her to watch them rehearsing. Having thus made the situation crystal clear he turned again expectantly to the Vicar.

The response still lingered. Wool, it seemed, still absorbed the Vicar's whole attention. The dramatist's wife rose, civilly saying that no doubt they would have much to discuss. Her movement loosed the Vicar's tongue.

"Dear madam," said he; "don't go. We have not much to discuss—very little, indeed—indeed, nothing at all." He seemed to struggle with a package in his pocket, despaired of it, and went on: "The fact is, the idea of the play is now abandoned."

The dramatist gaped at him. Abandoned, with the church still in need and the royal visit still impending?

"It must be so. I need not say how very greatly, for my own part, I regret it."

He got the package from his pocket and tendered it to the dramatist, who looked at it in wonder. It was the script of the play. With this action the Vicar's courage seemed to return, and though he spoke with his habitual diffidence of manner, there was no shirking the issue.

"As you may conceive, the decision is not mine. Nor is the fault yours. The fact is, I think you have, perhaps, been away from home too long."

So much for the son of the soil returning to his ancestral acres and the old familiar world.

"Our people are still very simple folk. And simple folk, as I think I once endeavoured to make clear to you, take a good deal of pleasure in aping their betters. They had hoped from you, whose plays deal with the

great world, something poetic—something, shall we say, with trumpets and shawms in it. I am not, God forbid, attempting to teach you your own trade. I only say that our people were disappointed. They had expected high things. They were offered—do not think I disparage you—an old story, a scandal of which they do not relish the memory, played by persons such as they meet every day, in words such as they themselves use every day. They were disappointed, rightly or wrongly; as I think, wrongly. But this is human nature; it is your material as it is mine. We must recognise when we cannot change it. And so I have to tell you, with regret, that the performance cannot be."

The dramatist, avoiding his wife's eye, in which he knew must lurk triumph tinged with amusement, said that he had wished to give the actors something which should be within their scope. As for the story, it was such an old one the persons concerned were all dead.

"Ah," said the Vicar, smiling. "There speaks the Londoner. Our memories are not so short. Believe me, the matter of your play, since it was excellently done, most living, most truthful, would have offended half the parish. To have their one-time failings offered up *coram publico*, before a royal princess, too! London may make a mock of known persons as it pleases. London may laugh at the small doings of small people; but what will do for London will not—I say it humbly, knowing your repute—does not and will never do for Warwickshire."

The dramatist was silent, slowly turning over the pages of the rejected script. It still seemed to him good stuff. He read again, and savoured, Peter's speech about stones, the mother-in-law's drunken apology. But he had been too long a servant of the public not to recognise that the Vicar was right. If he felt any bitterness it came from the knowledge that he had, in fact, been too long away, that he was no longer a son of the soil; though he might never leave the country again, though he might never set pen to paper again, he was a man of the theatre and must be so till he died. "They shall be confounded for the gardens ye have chosen." He moved over to the fireplace and dropped the script on to its lively flames. The Vicar made a movement of rescue. A hand holding a needle caught him back.

"Let it burn," said the dramatist's wife, "and I'll thank you, Vicar, not to tempt him again. Will Shakespeare of the Globe is one thing; Mr. William Shakespeare of New Place is another. Let it burn. Let it be a lesson to him. I wish I could think he had learned it by heart."

Unhindered the script flamed, blackened, and trembled away into ashes. Mr. William Shakespeare watched it go, and made a mournful play upon words in his mind. The great globe was no longer his to range, nor did his old place know him any more. New Place, new ways. He lifted his shoulders.

"This rough magic

I here abjure; and when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do)——"

The Vicar, astonished, found himself challenged to a song. [THE END.]



"Let it burn," said the dramatist's wife. "Will Shakespeare of the Globe is one thing; Mr. William Shakespeare of New Place is another."



An example of "trompe-l'œil" painting: a work with which the painter seeks to trick the eye into accepting as real the minutest details of commonplace things: "The Letter-Rack"; by W. Vaillant (1623-1677). (Dresden State Picture Gallery.)

ACCORDING to the dictionary, *trompe-l'œil* is a term applied to a picture in which objects are portrayed with such realism as to cause an optical illusion. It may be argued, however, that the aim of most pictorial art is to create an illusion of life. The brocade robes of Van Eyck's Madonnas, even under a magnifying-glass, could be taken for genuine stuffs sewn with real gems. Many other masters have painted laces and materials with such nicety as to make them



A "trompe-l'œil" painting from America, where the vogue for these works persisted until the end of the nineteenth century: "After the Bath"; by Raphaele Peale. (W. R. Nelson Collection, Kansas, U.S.A.)

appear to stand out of their background. Practically every still-life can be placed under that heading, and indeed, it is often difficult to determine where the still-life leaves off and where the *trompe-l'œil* begins.

The earliest approach to that type of painting since ancient times is the still-life by Jacopo da Barberi in Munich, actually the first work of the kind on record (1504). The disordered pile of books in the Rijks Museum, a fragment of the altar-piece of the Master of the Annunciation of Aix, certain works of the painters of reality such as Baugin and Antonio Leermans, the "Dead Birds" of Hondecoeter in Brussels, Samuel van Hoogstraten's man opening a barred window in Vienna, and the hunting implements signed Knight and dated 1665,

"TROMPE - L'ŒIL"

TOURS DE FORCE OF REALISM
BY MASTERS OF THE BRUSH.



Hunting-gear hanging on the wall: a "trompe-l'œil" which approximates closely to many Dutch still-life paintings. (Collection, Charles de Beistegui, Paris.)

are all verging on the *trompe-l'œil*. Closer still are the *cartellini* which the Italian masters of the Quattrocento, especially the Venetians, pinned to their pictures in order to affix their signature, like those on Bellini's Madonnas and that on which Cima da Conegliano even went so far as to put an illusory fly, in his Annunciation of the Hermitage Museum. The scrolls of paper with which Teniers enlivened the monotony of the bare walls of his peasant interiors might also be included. But all these details, however skilfully treated, are no more than accessories in a composition which in itself lays no claim to being a *trompe-l'œil* proper, and to create that specific feeling of illusion which is its chief characteristic. It should always be borne in mind that a *trompe-l'œil* is less a picture than a feat of trickery. In short, it is to the still-life what a waxwork figure is to a statue.

[Continued overleaf.]



A seventeenth-century "trompe-l'œil": a letter-rack covered with a cleverly imitated velvet curtain; by Gysbrecht. (Ghent Museum.)



"Palette de Peintre"; signed Monari on the back, and dated 1799: a "trompe-l'œil" in which the effect is heightened by the device of cutting out the edges of the painting (seen against a grey background); the composition—all on one plane—being somewhat reminiscent of a modern "papier collé." (Collection, Prince Faucigny-Lucinge.)

It would appear that this type of painting enjoyed a certain popularity among the ancients. Legend relates that Zeuxis, a Greek painter of the Ionian school at the beginning of the fourth century B.C., depicted a bunch of grapes with such veracity that birds swooped down to peck at them. Apelles, too, was famed for the startling realism of his portraiture. Unfortunately, no specimen from the brushes of these artists has been handed down to us, so we are obliged to confine ourselves to hearsay. It may therefore be assumed that the oldest *trompe-l'œil* in history is to be found in a museum in Rome and dates from the Cæsars. It is one of those mosaic pavements from a Roman triclinium, mentioned by Pliny, representing the unswept floor of a dining-room after a feast, still strewn with fishbones, vegetable-leaves, and the remnants of shell-fish.

Beside mosaic, which lends itself admirably to the purpose, there have been known examples of *trompe-l'œil* in every form of plastic art and every conceivable substance. In sculpture they took the shape

of animals hewn from marble or multi-coloured stone, such as are to be found in the Vatican collections, in bas-relief under the Renaissance, such as those of Jacques-Cœur's house at Bourges, and in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Labenche at Brives, with its ladies in the costume of the late sixteenth century leaning out on to false bays, or the stone lions who seem to be mounting guard at the entrance of the Scuola San Marco in Venice. There have been innumerable forms of *trompe-l'œil* in architecture, in which false perspectives lend themselves to all manner of illusion. There has been *trompe-l'œil* in prints, of which the most notorious is that of the *assignats* of the French Revolution, a bitter comment on monetary inflation. There has been *trompe-l'œil* in wood, such as the marquetry panels to be met with in seventeenth-century libraries giving the effect of globes and rows of books; in ceramic, when Palissy and his pupils covered dishes with lifelike fishes, vegetables and nuts. *Trompe-l'œil* has made its appearance on furniture, in the guise of screens and the tops of tables; in embroidery, in the form of



"Still-Life"; by Johann Georg Hinz (1662-1700), a seventeenth-century painter of Hamburg: a *cabinet de curie*, filled with precious and curious objects, rendered with a meticulous realism which is strangely reminiscent of the work of some surrealist painters, notably Salvador Dali. (Berlin Schlossmuseum.)

imitations of maps and prints; even in culinary art, if we are to believe Petronius. There has been *trompe-l'œil* in jewellery, such as Gault's miniatures in the semblance of cameos; and in *bibelots*, like the flowers carved in various minerals, after the manner of the Chinese, by Fabergé. But all these are only subsidiary to the *trompe-l'œil* in the strict sense of the word, that with which we are chiefly concerned, the *trompe-l'œil* in painting.

The early Italian painters often resorted to the *trompe-l'œil* as a decorative feature. Giotto in his Capella Arena, for a whole century the Mecca of all painters, conceived the idea of counterfeiting marble bas-reliefs in grisaille. This device appealed considerably to all the painters of the Renaissance, who made frequent use of it when

confronted with the task of filling vast spaces, such as large expanses of wall, vaults or domes. The Villa Maser, near Venice, is celebrated for its frescoes by Veronese, where what appear to be living figures fill false doorways. The *trompe-l'œil* was also a favoured trick with artists of the Baroque and Rococo period, who have left us cupolas of Jesuitic churches looking like holes in the sky towards which legions of saints and angels wing their way amid clusters of columns, and Louis XV. pavilions affording a view of powdered ladies, parrots and Chinamen peering down from balustrades painted on the ceiling.

The Dutch painters were given to painting grisailles imitating statuary on the back of the wings of their altar-pieces, so that when closed they gave the effect of sculpture; and Carlo Crivelli, a curious

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"Caisse de Changeur": a "trompe-l'œil" painting which is unusual in showing quite an extensive perspective, seen in the background through the wired window of a money-changer's office.



Another Gysbrecht "trompe-l'œil": an early example of the crumpled papers which have always provided good subjects for this type of painting. (Brussels Museum.)



A "trompe-l'œil" of the larder, or still-room: the work of an artist who has chosen the theme that has always been a favourite one for the display of virtuosity by painters—the play of light on glass and liquids. (Collection, Charles de Beistegui, Paris.)

TROMPE - L'ŒIL

(Continued from page 13.)

artist of the Quattrocento (born around 1435), was in the habit of painting into his works a lavish sprinkling of gold and precious stones, thus giving them the appearance of jewellery.

But the flourishing period of the *trompe-l'œil* was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Then it suddenly came into its own as an easel-painting, making its appearance no longer as a mere decoration or accessory, but as a work of art in its own right. Although most of the specimens now existent in private collections are anonymous, many painters of distinction allowed themselves to be tempted by it. All was material for their brush—cards, palettes, pens, paper, letters, ribbons, paintings, prints, banknotes, spectacles, household utensils, coins, knick-knacks—anything which, by its shape, colour or symmetry, could contribute to an amusing assortment of objects for the mystification of the beholder. Letters were carefully traced on reproductions of printed matter, newspapers, mis-sives, notebooks, almanacks, open or closed, stained, torn or folded the better to take us in. Wood was imitated to the life with its knots and splinters; a piece of gauze would be allowed to trail across what promises to be an intriguing drawing, so that the spectator is impatient to brush it away; a canvas would appear to be ripped open, allowing a background to be seen through the aperture, or an image shown beneath a glass which seems to have been broken. It is related of a well-known Parisian antique dealer that on one occasion, when he placed a work of the last-named variety in his window, a passer-by came in to warn him that the exhibit had met with an accident.

Among the best-known artists who indulged in the *trompe-l'œil* during this time were Vaillant of Lille (1623-1677), likewise noted for the fine quality of his portraits; Johann-Georg Hintz of Hamburg (around 1680) and his compatriot, Gysbrechts, of the same period; the Dutch Dirk van der Aa (1731-1809) and Jacob de Wit (1695-1754), the latter excelling in the portrayal of bas-reliefs in marble and stucco, like the Flemish Sauvage of Tournai (1744-1818), who specialised in pseudo-bronze and terra-cotta; and, above all, the great French painter, Boilly, who, in addition to his delightful *genre* scenes, has also left a whole series of entertaining *trompe-l'œil*, among which are many of the most ingenious "broken glass" effects.

From the documentary point of view, the type of *trompe-l'œil* known as the *cabinet de curie* are of outstanding interest. They afford an insight into the catholic tastes of the individual collectors of other days. Old books abound in descriptions of these cabinets, in which an ivory

cup would sojourn alongside an Indian shell, or a precious Renaissance jewel would be put next to a coral-branch, mathematical instruments, or a burning-glass. There was also the category of "*trompe-l'œil*" denominated "intimate," in which the painter would please his fancy in gathering together familiar objects to which he imparted their own particular life, bottles, shells, and books arrayed in a cunningly contrived disorder. Or again, extremely frequent is the assembly of prints and manuscripts, of which there are probably more in existence than of any other type. In this category the most notable are that of Vaillant in the Dresden Gallery, and Boilly's masterpiece with its medley of images. But perhaps the most fascinating of all is that in which the artist has brought

together all the things nearest his heart—a corner of his studio showing the implements of his calling, canvas, brush and palette, together with pictures, drawings and sketches of other masters which have made some special appeal to him. This line was illustrated by no less an example than Rembrandt.

In the nineteenth century the *trompe-l'œil* lapsed into neglect in Europe, although it continued to enjoy a certain vogue in the New World. In America there was a school that specialised in that kind of realistic painting and of which the foremost exponent was Raphaelle Peale (1774-1823). Even as late as 1890 we come across a quaint specimen (see page 11) recently shown in the Exhibition of American Art at the Musée du Jeu de Paume, Paris. Otherwise it survived faintly in the keepsakes of the Romantic epoch; lithographs of picturesque scenery, dried flowers stuck to pages, early Victorian engravings of a weeping willow drooping towards an urn, or water-colours giving the impression of being covered with transparent paper. And in France one or two amateur painters lingered on in the provinces executing *trompe-l'œil* for their own private satisfaction, such as Bonnet,

whose name is not to be found in dictionaries, but who has left samples of his work in the Carpentras Museum; or Dupuy, the Mæcenas of St. Omer, who founded a museum of his own.

Of late the *trompe-l'œil* bids fair to come back into fashion. Many private collectors of acknowledged discernment are keenly alive to its undeniable charm; modern decorators are growing aware of its possibilities and tend to incorporate it in their schemes; and present-day art exhibitions often contain pictures which are not far removed from the type, although in many cases the objects may have a symbolic significance far from the thoughts of the earlier masters. A sideline, maybe: but one which calls for no ordinary technical skill, intricacy of execution, and originality of conception; and as such is sure of always retaining its hold over the fancy of artists and connoisseurs.

[THE END.]



Considered to be the foremost example of its kind: the famous "Cabinet" "*trompe-l'œil*"—probably Dutch of the late seventeenth century—as it was featured in a room arranged for the 1936 Grand Palais Exhibition.



"You'll have to write and tell 'em it's off, then! Thought I'd told you already!" he snapped.

AS TRUE AS THE CALENDAR.

By EARDLEY BESWICK,

Author of "Original Design," "Hundreds and Thousands," etc.

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A.

FACED by the problems common to still active men who must retire possessing all their faculties, old General Oddisher continued to serve his country on the Bench and as Chairman of the Great Heatherley Board of Guardians. At home he industriously sawed logs to preserve his figure, though ostensibly solely to provide winter firing for the wide old hearths at the Hall, and had discovered a similar, if more absorbing, regimen for the mind in study of the Great Pyramid of Cheops. In this sensible manner he found contentment now that his home command had shrunk to that, always less absolute than he imagined, of a single young woman, Star, his daughter, for long years motherless.

A fortnight before Christmas, Star intercepted the morning's post between hall and breakfast-room. She had been lurking about the landings waiting for it. She was Istar really, and she owed her not very Christian name to her father's enthusiasm for esoteric history.

The sight of the expected letter from Geoffrey, the nicer of the Blake boys, though expected, gave her a pleasant little thrill. The jolly, sprawling, clumsily masculine writing was, she felt, a truer index to the writer than even a photograph would have been, and so far she possessed no photograph of Geoffrey. She tore it open and read, between the portière and the breakfast-room door—

DEAR PLANET,

Good egg! Got yours and have already offended the mater to the tune of not wanting to see me this Christmas, and sucked up to Tony until, short of lending me money, he'll eat out of my hand. So, all being well, I'll be rolling along with him come Christmas Eve.

Mud in your eye and all that,

GEOFFREY.

Then she steadied her face so as not to appear at the breakfast-table looking too asininely happy, pushed the letter down the neck of her frock, on the left-hand side, and, entering, placed the rest of the day's post on the still-unfolded *Times*.

Precisely at nine o'clock the General entered, pink-gilled, blue-eyed, with moustache like hoar-frost and hair like the icing on a cake. He bent from his still-soldierly waist and pecked at the curls above Star's right ear.

"Mornin', mi dear."

"Good morning, Daddy. Sleep well?"

His fresh looks might have been presumed to render the politeness superfluous, but he shook his head and his hand made an enduring gesture over thin, firm lips. "Ahr-r-rm," he growled. "Not very, mi dear. Matter of fact, I'd a serious problem on my mind. Thought it out all right, though, and decided on a course of action. Ahr-r-rm."

He had the manner of one postponing a portentous announcement,

provocatively, as he took his seat and proceeded to glance through his letters, grunting as he read. "Bench this mornin', eh? Fourteen applications for dance extensions. Well, I've an answer for that this year, though I don't see why they shouldn't have their bit of fun, all the same. Drop of liquor after ten wouldn't hurt 'em, either. Best time to take it, I always say."

"To think Christmas will be on top of us in a fortnight!" murmured Star, bemusedly dreaming.

"It won't. That's the point. Explain all about it later, mi dear. Must write to *The Times* this afternoon, too. Ahr-r-rm."

"Tony's asking that nice Blake boy, the one you liked so much, and I'd arranged to get Aunt Helen and Dora down just to help entertain them." Star always let her father's words flow over her unabsorbed at this hour. It was so much less fatiguing. The General had much the same habit with hers, as a rule, but this time he cocked a blue eye at her indignantly.

"You'll have to write and tell 'em it's off, then! Thought I'd told you already!" he snapped.

"Off?" echoed Star incredulously.

"Certainly it's off. Twenty-first of June Christmas Day, really. Finished working it all out last night. It'll upset things a bit when *The Times* prints my letter. They'll say it's bad for trade, I suppose. As if you could help things like that! Anyway, much more sensible time for a holiday, June. Better all round, in the long run."

"But Daddy—!"

"There's no doubt about it, mi dear. You know all those new measurements Von Richtessen sent me a month ago?—first really scientific survey ever made of the Ascending Passage. I've been workin' on 'em ever since. Checked every figure three times at least." Memories of losing battles he had fought with Star over the total of the housekeeping accounts probably prompted this assurance. He wiped his moustache and proceeded to repeat himself with an ill-concealed satisfaction. "It'll create a sensation, I'm afraid. Can't be helped, that, of course. They'll find they can't argue with the Pyramid of Cheops, I fancy." Pushing back his plate, he slit open another envelope. "Hr-r-rm," he growled, impatiently this time. "Ass of a Scribbens wants to stop the Christmas beer issue at the workhouse. Suggests cocoa'd do 'em more good! Ah, well, it'll sink him properly when he learns there isn't going to be any Christmas—anyway, not in December."

"But Daddy," Star humoured him, "even if you're right—"

"Right? Course I'm right. Checked it three times, I tell you."

"But I mean to say, surely it's too late to alter arrangements for this year? It isn't as if it not being the real date matters very much. People will go on just the same for a long time yet—"

"Ah!" said her father. "I fancy that's just where you and I'll have to set the world an example. *People* can do as they like, but for the discoverer of the New Chronology and his family, I sh'd have thought there'd have been no alternative."

"But surely there always was a little uncertainty about the real date?" argued Star weakly. "It's just when we choose to celebrate it that matters. . . ."

"There'll be no uncertainty from now on. That's the point. Twenty-first of June we'll keep Christmas Day—in this house, at any rate, and over the whole world, I'll make bold to say, before another year's out. Just you write and tell all those people it's off and they can come, if they like, in the summer. Tell 'em to look out for my letter in *The Times*. That'll open their eyes." He leant back to provide room for the unfolding of the newspaper.

The anger dammed back in Star's heart forced tears of vexation to her eyes. It wasn't as if she could see any chance of steering him this time: he'd obviously got this latest craze too badly. Years of keeping house for her father had taught her that while ordinary feminine tact would suffice to get her her own way in almost everything that mattered, tact might as usefully be invoked to shift the Great Pyramid itself as him in such a case as this. She was realising, too, how much she had built on the arrangements for this Christmas now that they were so palpably in process of being overthrown.

In the Casual Ward they were discussing the relative merits of Christmas fare at "spikes." Great Heatherley had, it was agreed, a deserved reputation for beef and pudding and beer. There were places, it transpired, though, where the beef was reckoned superior, but there was no beer; others where pudding and beer were as good, but the beef not worth walking for. Interest had been lent to the discussion by a disturbing rumour current this year. At the previous day's meeting of the Great Heatherley Guardians there had been, it was said, a holy bust-up. Old General Oddisher, normally the most generous upholder of the right of poorer men to celebrate with beef and beer and pudding, had this year flatly refused to agree to any celebration whatever. There wasn't going to be any Christmas, according to General Oddisher, they said.

"Bin an' worked it all out by figgers as Christmas Day ought be rights to come in June, the silly ole josses! Good beak an' all, the General, too. Free-anded ole skite, an' all. You go up to the 'All to scrounge a bite, an' if the ole man spots you, you're lucky. It's ten to one as you'll get a pot of beer wiv it, too."

"I know. I bin there. You jus' got to flip 'im a salute an' tell 'im about the time you wos in the Flintshires, an' 'e'll come down 'andsome every time. 'E's the very last as anyone'd thought it of. Must 've gone clean orf 'is onion, if you asks me."

"Stands to reason, an' everybody knows it, as Christmas Day comes on the twenty-fifth of December. Wot's it in the calendar for else? Wot's in the calendar's right, an' you can't prove it isn't by mathematics, neither."

"It has been said that you can prove anything by mathematics, gentlemen. What you can't prove is whether any of it's worth proving."

"'Ark at the Perfesser!"

He bent his head and his raised hands stroked thin cheeks wearily. He was weary enough, but the gesture was more of the nature of a concealment than a relief. He had known before he uttered them how his pedantic words, and the slight, throaty drawl he could not avoid lapsing into, would sound here. "Swanking," they would deem it, but for him it was no more than forgetting his artificially cultivated looseness of speech, forgetting to restrict himself to simple, unphilosophic utterance, lapsing into the mode of the Common Room once again—the Common Room that surely only arrogance could have tempted him to forsake for the City—and at bottom only for the sake of impressing this riff-raff. "Swanking" was the right word. He despised himself. He would say no more to-night.

But he was not to be let hold to his resolution so easily. An argumentative tramp, one of those chop-logic wiseacres as common at the bottom as at the surface of the social vat, had been savouring the aphorism. "I don't know as I 'olds with wot you just said, Perfesser," he remarked provocatively. "'Cos why, if your answer ain't right it means as your figgerin's gorn orf the rails somewhere. What I say is: you do a sum, an' if the answer's right you bin an' worked it out right, see?"

"But you can sometimes get the right answer with wrong working, all the same. I did that myself, once too often, as it proved." In spite of his resolve, he was drawn into the talk again. For many years he had known so little chance to talk.

"Wos that wot they put you away for, Perfesser?"

He nodded. Of course it was for that. His calculations had been right. Time must have proved that for him already. If they would only have let him alone for a few months longer, found him the few thousands he'd needed to tide him over, perhaps he would still have been hailed as a master of finance, a guest still at City banquets, instead of one of a crowd of melancholy wrecks discussing the possibilities of Christmas beer at a "spike." "My figures were all right," he added thoughtfully. "I used to be what the newspapers would call a brilliant mathematician, I suppose. Only the speculative part—the time factor—was about six months wrong. That's all."

"If you wos orl that wrong it proves as yer figgerin' wos 'out, doesn't it? I mean ter say . . ." The disputative one argued on intolerably. A bore. They had them in these places as well, evidently. There'd be no getting away from him now so long as they shared quarters.



"Bin an' worked it all out by figgers as Christmas Day ought be rights to come in June, the silly ole josses!"

The Professor decided he must seek another "spike." After all, the problem of beer or no beer on Christmas Day meant very little to him.

Later, in his single blanket, hard lying paining the nodes of his thinly-fleshed skeleton, the Professor almost yielded to the urge to go home for Christmas, after all. He'd only been "out" a week, and would have been home already, knowing they'd forgiven him, would share the little they could have with gladness, if only he could have found it in his heart to return empty-handed. But, he had argued, they would have less than enough to rejoice on, and to share with him would mean so much less for each of them. Besides, he could surely make a bit of money, a man who had made so much so easily in the past, between then and Christmas. If he only had so much as five pounds now it would be enough to start him. If he could acquire a fiver in the interim he would return to them for Christmas. But fivers had proved less easy to pick up in country lanes than a thousand had once been in the City. He still meant to acquire one, if only to prove himself as good a man as ever, but the means by which it should be obtained were daily becoming less attractive in his mind.

It was damply chill in the shrubbery where the Professor crouched, waiting for the lights to go out. Gelid moisture from the tips of limp leaves of laurels seeped distressingly through his thin clothing. Ground-frost struck upward through the soles of his worn plimsolls until his toes were as if newly amputated.

He watched the lights go out, a girl's shadow thrown momentarily across the blind of an upper window, and stiffened progressively as he watched. Through a chink in the curtains of a downstairs window he glimpsed a chair-arm with a rummer of toddy in its convenient holder, and he imagined the steam he could not discern wafting comfortingly from the surface of the liquor. Presently a thin brown hand lifted the rummer out of his vision. It returned to the chair-arm, empty. The light went out downstairs. Presently there was a sound of bolting doors, chains rattled. The Professor's hopes slumped. It was not going to be so easy, this first deliberate attempt at what all his instincts agreed to be wrong-doing. Ah, well, you could be punished, he reflected, and your conscience remain unhurt. If he were unlucky enough to be punished for what he meant to attempt now, he would at least have the satisfaction of knowing his punishment deserved, escape the cankering, retrospective bitterness.

A light sprang out upstairs. That'd be the old chap going to bed—a warm, soft bed in a cosy room, doubtless. Slippers and fresh, skin-soothing pyjamas. Warm inside and out, he'd be, the old sybarite! Funny that it should be the simple things, unconsidered while one had them, a glass of toddy and a suit of clean pyjamas, that one should miss most bitterly. One would have expected it to have been the power and the glory.

The light went out upstairs. The Professor remained motionless, not so much from fear that his joints would creak alarmingly in the night stillness as from the anticipated pain of movement after that prolonged stiffening. The old chap would be asleep within a few minutes, he argued, after a nightcap like that. Yet for half an hour the Professor stood there, swaying unconsciously, numb of spirit too, as if the cold had penetrated him too, ultimately. When at last he moved it was worse even than in anticipation.

His joints slowly limbered as he crept round the sleeping house, finding, of course, the main doors and windows impregnable to his unpracticed technique. But the top-hung lavatory window was still hinged outward hygienically, and against the scullery door was a sawing bench. With the bench in position, he could easily command the window. He wriggled inward, the window showing a disconcerting tendency to trap his spine, the jambs too close for anyone less completely reduced to skin and skeleton. Presently he was in a warm, dark hall, his plimsolled feet recognising first the smooth, slippery parquet, then the soft contacts of a rug, as the warmth crept into them. His tentative hand sought waveringly a door handle, pushed aside the heavy portière.

Now within the big room, he struck a match and glanced nervously before blowing it out. It was, as he had intended, the room in which he had glimpsed a chair-arm and a rummer. His quickened senses recognised the gap between window curtains, and he moved slowly across to rearrange them before switching on the light in the big, shaded



He did not so much as glance round, so absorbed he was by now. Just threw her a "Shan't be long now, my dear . . ." and went on with his task, his pencil flickering industriously about the slanted lines of figures.

lamp-standard. There should be no tell-tale streak of light across the shrubbery.

Now he glanced more leisurely about the big, comfortable place, and his eye took in skins, two deep and very easy chairs, a tidy desk, *The Times* untidily discarded on the floor, smoulder of a wood fire in the hearth. Just such a room as that in which he had been wont to linger, spinning financial theories, at this time of night after Muriel had retired. No such luxury nowadays for poor Muriel. And he wondered what sort of room it was in which, to-night perhaps, she sat sleeplessly wondering why he had not yet come back.

Slowly, doubtfully almost, he moved to the hearthside and lowered himself into one of the two easy chairs. It was comfort again, the essence he had throughout those wearing years missed more intensely, though without consciously defining his desire, than even the power and the glory he more consciously lamented for. In rooms like this he had taken his ease, calculating, and now once more the mere bodily comfort of it claimed him. But only for a while—perhaps for an hour at most, lying back and letting the warmth soak into him, the softness nurse his stiff, chilled body back to well-being. At the end of that hour he stirred and, recollecting his purpose there, gazed enquiringly at the big, tidy desk. It was, he felt, the sort of place a man might choose for depositing such cash as he preferred not to carry about on him, the balance of the housekeeping money, the servants' wages for the rest of the month. He had kept just such sums in just such a desk once. At just such a desk he had been wont to sit late on a night like this, and check those intricate analyses of price-trends based on which his prophesyings had secured him so much respect in financial circles. Disposed to calculate in much the same way now, his mind dealt not with millions but with modest units—with units of five pounds, to be precise. Five pounds which, though enough to take him unselfishly to Muriel for Christmas, were, as a basis for future financial dominance by an ex-convict, worse than inadequate.

He rose and approached the desk. He sat before it, recalling forgotten habits nostalgically. His hand went to the top right-hand drawer,

[Continued on page 55.]



IN MEMORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

*From the Painting, "Madonna and Child Enthroned, with Angels," by Jan Gossaert, called Mabuse (circa 1478-1533/36). From the collection of the Earl of Northbrook.
Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. Ltd. (Copyright Reserved.)*

This beautiful little painting resembles in composition another work by Mabuse, forming the centre of a small triptych at Palermo. According to Dr. M. J. Friedländer, the art critic, the one reproduced here is the earlier in date. In the Palermo version the architecture is of the same elaborate and fantastic Gothic type, but is quite different in form, and there are slight variations in the figures. The painting of the flowers in the foreground of the Northbrook version is particularly exquisite.



STREET ENTERTAINMENT IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE
PORTRAYED IN CONTEMPORARY ART: "THE FIGHT."

From the Painting entitled "Une Parade," by the French artist, Gabriel Jacques de Saint-Aubin (1724-1780), in the National Gallery, London. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees. (Copyright Reserved.)

Here we have an interesting glimpse into the world of popular entertainment in France during the latter part of the 18th century, in the years before the French Revolution. The above painting was the original of a print entitled "Les Théâtres Libertins," of which an unfinished proof, bearing the date 1760, is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. The picture, which now hangs in the National Gallery in London, is painted on canvas, measuring 32 inches high and 25 inches wide. The show is taking place on a platform, or balcony, in front of a house, with a large banner at the back; and one of the fencers—the left-hand figure—has rather the appearance of Harlequin. The intent absorption of the spectators watching the fight is skillfully rendered by their attitudes and expressions, and the various figures illustrate well the costume of the period. The artist, Gabriel Jacques de Saint-Aubin, was a son of a Paris embroiderer, and his brothers, Augustin and Charles Germain, also distinguished themselves in art. Gabriel studied under Boucher, and exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1774 and 1776. He was particularly fond of depicting contemporary life.



STREET ENTERTAINMENT IN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND PORTRAYED IN CONTEMPORARY ART: "PUNCH AND JUDY."

Detail from the Painting "Punch and Judy," or "Life in London," by Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), in the National Gallery, Millbank (Tate Gallery). Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees. (Copyright Reserved)

Haydon's picture, of which this reproduction shows the left-hand portion, was painted in 1829 and exhibited in Bond Street in the following year. It forms a delightful record of London street life, with many types of character and costume, at the end of George IV.'s reign. The complete canvas measures 58½ by 72 inches. The Tate Gallery Catalogue gives the following description, covering the whole work:—"A scene in front of Mary-le-bone Church; centre, an old farmer from the country; on his right, a London sharper; behind, a woman is sheltering with her cloak a boy, who is picking the farmer's pocket; the urchin is being watched by a police officer with a truncheon in his hand. Middle of the crowd, amongst other figures, a young sailor, a life-guardsman, a Waterloo hero, an Italian boy with figures of Theseus and Apollo, and a little crossing-sweeper, mimicking Punch with his broom; right, a group of May sweeps with a Jack-in-the-Green; left, a showman and an apple-woman dozing over her stall; background, two young men of fashion on horseback; a funeral is passing towards the church just as a newly-married couple is leaving."



DRESSING PUSSY FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

From the painting "Miss Kitty Dressing," by Joseph Wright of Derby (1734-1797), now in the possession of Lord Mount Temple, P.C., and reproduced by his courteous permission. (Copyright Reserved.)

This delightful picture of two little 18th-century girls dressing-up a kitten, by candle-light, was lent by Lord Mount Temple to the recent loan exhibition of paintings from Hampshire houses held at Winchester College to raise funds for the lighting of Winchester Cathedral. The exhibition was illustrated in our issue of July 2 last. The painter of this work, Joseph Wright, is generally known as Wright of Derby, for there he was born, and died, and spent most of his life, except for a visit to Italy in 1773-5 and two years in Bath. He specialised in scenes by candle-light or fire-light. One of his works, "An experiment with the Air Pump," is in the National Gallery. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1781, but declined the honour of R.A. offered him three years later. Among his best-known pictures were "Belshazzar's Feast," "Eruption of Vesuvius," and "The Destruction of the Floating Batteries at Gibraltar."



LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON.

By M.W. PETERS, R.A.

The original of this charming portrait was Elizabeth, only daughter and heir of Charles, 7th Earl of Northampton. Her mother was a daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort. In 1782, when she was 19, Elizabeth Compton married Lord George Cavendish, third son of the 4th Duke of Devonshire, and in 1831 created 1st Earl of Burlington. She died in 1835. The painter of the portrait was the Rev. Matthew William Peters, well known in his day as an amateur artist. He was born in the Isle of Wight, became an R.A. in 1777, and died in 1814.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. AND MRS. W. A. FISHER, OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN. BY COURTESY OF THE OWNERS AND OF THE HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES, NEW YORK.



"THE PRINCESSE DE ROHAN":
By J. M. Nattier (1685-1766), populariser of the vogue for painting great ladies in allegorical guises.



"A LADY DRESSED AS A PILGRIM":
A painting by Antoine Coypel (1661-1722) of a costume, which may have been designed to figure in a masque, quaintly uniting saintliness, and allure.



"WOMAN WITH A FAN":
A delightful Boucher study of a sophisticated type.



"YOUNG GIRL IN PINK AND YELLOW: DIANA."
A Greuze that speaks of innocence and simplicity (painted 1760).

FAIR WOMEN OF FRANCE OF THE ANCIEN RÉGIME: BEAUTIES OF PORTRAITURE AND IMAGINATION IN POSTURES GRAVE AND GAY.

On these pages we reproduce portraits of charming women of France of the eighteenth century, and it must be said that seldom have ladies been perpetuated with such delicate flattery or enjoyed such gallant consideration from those painting them. What Casanova said of Nattier—that "he would paint the portrait of an ugly woman; he would paint it with an absolute resemblance, and yet, all those who knew her only by her portrait thought of her as beautiful, though the most minute examination would not reveal any point of infidelity; but some imperceptible quality lent the whole painting a real though undefinable beauty"—holds true in a greater or less degree for all of these portraits. This talent of



"THE MARQUISE DE BEAUHARNAIS":
A great lady of the *ancien régime* in stiff, formal dress; painted by Drouais (1763-1788).



"WOMAN WEARING GREY HAT":
The *ancien régime* in its pose of pastoral innocence; by L. R. Trinquesse (dated 1785).



"BACCHANTE":
A painting by F. J. Schall, (born c. 1753) who came to Paris under the *ancien régime*; and is best known from the prints engraved after his work.



"MADEMOISELLE MARS":
The famous actress who rose to fame under the First Empire, and, in her later years, was seen in Victor Hugo's plays; painted by Prud'hon (1758-1823).

FAIR WOMEN OF FRANCE OF THE 18TH CENTURY: FORMAL AND INFORMAL POSE! AND A FAMOUS ACTRESS OF THE LATER YEARS.

Nattier, who is represented on these pages by his "Princess of Rohan," this graceful capacity for seeing everything pertaining to the feminine sex through rose-coloured spectacles, may not commend the accuracy of these portraits as historical records of an age when a large part of society, high and low, was often marked by smallpox, but it in no way detracts from the charm of the paintings themselves. Nor can it be denied that these painters, however trivial and superficial, had style; their "artificiality" was the reflection of the aristocratic attitude to life of their day; it was not the "artificiality" of modern ignorance and novelty-hunting.



“AN UNAPPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE.”

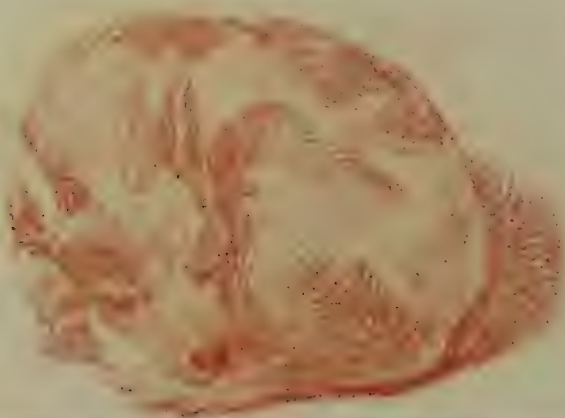
“TRACING THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.”—By J. J. TISSOT.

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"THE SPANIEL"; BY TERBORCH (1617-1681): A REMARKABLE WORK SHOWING AN EARLY TYPE, IN WHICH, IT WOULD SEEM, SPANIEL AND SETTER WERE AS YET NOT FULLY DIFFERENTIATED. (Reproduced from the Painting in the Fodor Museum, Amsterdam. Copyright Reserved.)

Terborch is noted as the cunning craftsman of painting, adept at achieving illusions of the real surfaces of satins and velvets. In this work he has exhibited his skill in depicting a dog's coat, in some places even individual hairs being suggested. Terborch was the son of a tax-collector, who painted pictures in his spare time, and seems to have had the means and leisure to travel in Germany, Italy and France. He apparently spent all his life in easy circumstances. He probably learned from Duyster the trick of painting glittering silks and fabrics. Caspar Netscher, another artist who excelled in this, seems to have been a pupil of Terborch. One of the paintings on the opposite page is the work of the school of Netscher.



A DOG OF THE 17TH CENTURY: A DRAWING WHICH IS PROBABLY BY HONDIUS (1638-1695).



A DOG OF THE 17TH CENTURY: ANOTHER DRAWING, PROBABLY BY HONDIUS, WHO WAS WELL KNOWN AS AN ANIMAL PAINTER.



DOGS OF HIGH DEGREE—SOME SUGGESTING EARLY TOY SPANIELS—GAILY DECKED WITH RIBBONS AND WITH TASSELLED EARS AND WITH BELLS ON THEIR COLLARS: A QUAINP PICTURE BY A PAINTER OF THE SCHOOL OF CASPAR NETSCHER (1639-1684).



IN THE OPEN AIR: THREE SPANIELS—SUGGESTING AN EARLY FORM OF SPRINGER—FLUSHING A COVEY OF PARTRIDGES: BY PAUL DE VOS (c. 1600-1654), BROTHER OF CORNELIS DE VOS. (Copyrights strictly reserved.)

THE FRIEND OF MAN IN THE 17TH CENTURY: DOGS DECORATIVE AND SPORTING.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.



The Story and Origin of Christmas Cards.

VARIOUS sources of origin have been suggested for Christmas cards, but there can be very little doubt that the idea of printing them and the custom of sending them originated in England. This may come as a surprise to many people, who, accustomed to the idea that all early commercial chromo-lithography was German, pass naturally to the conclusion that the ideas and designs were all German too.

Christmas cards originated in the 'forties, a time when the English middle-class was becoming increasingly "Christmas-conscious," to adapt a current Americanism. A reason was, of course, the introduction of attractive German *Weihnachtsfest* observances by the Prince Consort. In 1840, Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort had a Christmas-tree, and this set a fashion. The custom spread until it became completely naturalised.

Another potent influence, undoubtedly, was the Dickens Christmas stories, with their warm-hearted atmosphere of good cheer, beginning with the "Christmas Carol" in 1843. The fact was that the middle-class people of England had come into new riches, a more spacious way of life, and they had more money to spend on frivolous trifles and amusements for their children. Perhaps, too, the strength of the old Puritanical feeling against making a sacred season an occasion for enjoying oneself was weakening.

But it must not be thought that Christmas cards were entirely without any sort of precedents. They were anticipated in certain ways by the "Christmas pieces" which, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was the custom for children to write out in order to show their elders their progress in forming "copper-plate" and absorbing pious sentiments. Sometimes these were written out on plain pieces of foolscap; but coloured sheets specially printed were favoured as giving a more festive air to the Christmas piece. These sheets had borders with appropriate decorations, such as the one which edges this page, the blank space in the middle being used by the

(Continued opposite.)



Christ tempted by Satan



Christ healeth Peter's Wife's Mother



The Centurion begging Jesus to heal his servant.



The Angel Gabriel appearing to Zacharias in a vision.



The Angel appeareth to Joseph in a dream.



Joseph fleeth into Egypt.



Printed for and sold by G. Gilbert, 2, Greenbourn-court, Old Bailey.

A PREDECESSOR OF THE CHRISTMAS CARD: A QUAIN OLD "CHRISTMAS PIECE," CONSISTING OF A COLOURED BORDER ROUND A BLANK SPACE (HERE FILLED WITH TYPE) IN WHICH CHILDREN WROTE THEIR GREETINGS.

(ACTUAL SIZE, 18 x 14 IN.)



A German idea, which, in certain ways, anticipated the Christmas card: a charming little New Year's greeting, dated 1800. (4 1/2 x 3 1/8 in.)

scholar. Then, of course, the completed work of art was made the occasion for the extraction of a Christmas-box.

For many years it was thought that 1846 was the year of birth of the Christmas card in the modern sense of the word, the designer, the "father of the Christmas card," being the artist J. C. Horsley, R.A.; and the sponsor, so to speak, being Sir Henry Cole. Cole was one of those worthies whose efforts to raise the level of taste in the Victorian period seem to us nowadays to have been so sadly lacking in effect. In 1841 he began the issue of "Felix Summerly's Home Treasury," a series of children's books illustrated by woodcuts after famous pictures. In 1845 the busy "Felix



A very early Christmas card—for long believed to be the first: the design brought out by J. C. Horsley, R.A., and Sir Henry Cole in 1846. (5 1/8 x 3 1/4 in.)



The little cards which were much favoured in Victorian days: the lower left-hand example, composed of a "scrap" stuck on an ornamental background; the gilt-edged one being a decorated development of the visiting-card. (All reduced.)



A Victorian "Gothic" card: a design in gold and bright colours, the two panels opening and displaying a scene of gallantry in the "good old times." (4 1/2 x 3 1/2 in.)



The first Christmas card: the design by W. M. Egley, Jr., dated 1842, showing all kinds of Christmas scenes; and having spaces for the names of sender and recipient like modern cards. (3 1/2 x 5 1/8 in.)

Summerly" successfully competed for a prize offered by the Society of Arts for a tea service. ("Art in Everyday Life," we see, is no new cry.) Many thousands of the so-called "Summerly tea-cup, saucer, and milk-jug" were sold. At Christmas time in 1846 there appeared in "Felix Summerly's Home Treasury" a seasonable greeting-card, showing charitable and festive scenes, which those who had a shilling to spare might purchase to send to their friends.

The designer of the card, J. C. Horsley, R.A., has an official claim to fame through his painting of the "Spirit of Religion" adorning the



Another forerunner of the Christmas card: a Christmas note-paper heading, designed for the letter of good wishes in the days before printed and mass-produced greetings; showing age and youth keeping Christmas. (Slightly enlarged.)

House of Lords. Many will think that his having done something to originate Christmas cards is a more innocent title to our remembrance than this uninspired production. Horsley was a sort of standard-bearer of Victorian middle-class ideas in art. He waged a campaign against a thing he considered to be a blot upon the respectability of the artistic profession, namely, the *nude model*. In 1885 he headed an agitation against this "shocking" (though some might think essential) feature of the painter's studio, because he thought that the spirit of the Paris Salon was invading English art too boldly. A letter written by him, and printed in *The Times*, following upon one signed "A British Matron," produced an animated controversy, with arguments which it is not difficult to imagine.

All this is typical of the fact that the origins of the Christmas card were purely middle-class. "Upper middle-class," perhaps we should say; for it will be observed that the Cole-Horsley card depicted a pleasure that, in England, was almost solely indulged in by the rich; namely, wine-drinking. This

proved to be a somewhat unfortunate idea, which landed the designers of the card in something like a temperance controversy, and caused the morality of their design to be called in question by total abstainers.

Horsley always thought of himself as the co-originator of the Christmas card. There is a facsimile of a letter preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in which he defends his title with all the vigour of unshaken Victorian rectitude. However, as sometimes happened, Victorian rectitude turned out to be wrong in its assumptions.

Some years ago there was discovered in a big collection of skating prints and drawings, in the British Museum, a card, unquestionably a Christmas card, bearing the date 1842. This date, it seems, gives it a prior claim to be called the world's first Christmas-card. The designer signs himself "W. M. Egley, Junr." It seems to have been intended as a commercial venture, having special spaces left for the names of the sender and recipient. If so, it was a failure, being apparently twenty years before its time, and lacking the one thing that has been shared by

practically every successful Christmas card since, namely, colour

So much, then, for the forerunners: let us now turn to the first commercial Christmas cards. Jonathan King, the great collector of cards and Valentines (he had about a million of them, contained in 25,000 volumes!), had himself been a publisher in the early days, and he told an interviewer that he first began to make Christmas cards about 1860, though (he said) "they were really only Valentines with a Christmas greeting added." In the early days, publishers often economised by using the same basic designs for both Christmas cards and Valentines, and this partly accounts for the utterly unsuitable subjects (to our eyes) depicted on many of the former—idyllic summer scenes of nymphs and fairies, and ladies in filmy classical draperies which could not be termed seasonable in any sense of the word. But such designs as these came into their own on Valentines and birthday cards; whereas no

amount of ingenuity could make robins and plum puddings look right on a Valentine. It would seem that Valentines loomed much larger in popular favour than Christmas cards throughout the crinolined 'fifties. But just at the time when the crinoline was in decline, the commercial Christmas card was having its first successes, and soon it was going forward by leaps and bounds.

Christmas cards really came into popular favour about the same time as bustles—that is, in the late 'sixties. In time, fashion rejected the bustle; but the Christmas card remained and prospered. However, the first

commercial Christmas cards appeared as early as 1862, the year of the second Great International Exhibition, when worthy folk were busy subscribing to the Albert Memorial.

These first commercial cards were designed by an artist of the name of C. H. Bennett, who did a good deal of work in the old numbers of *Punch*, and, later, met an untimely end at the age of thirty-seven. The designs were unoriginal—genial old gentlemen, enormous plum puddings, and so forth; the humour was

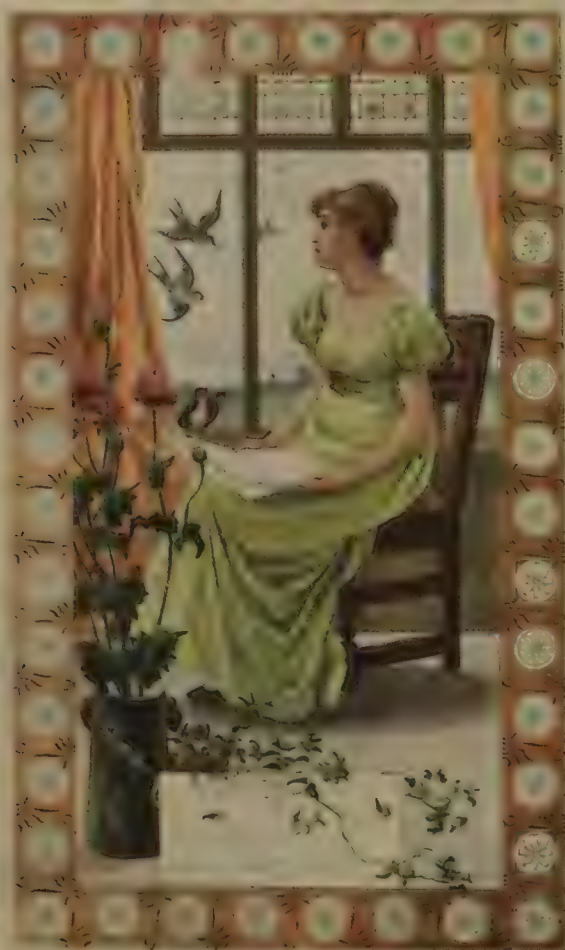
of the very simplest order—"Christmas Belles" (Bells!); the colours and technique of the lithography were somewhat crude; but the cards sold. The designs were a success, and they were continued the next year. None of these cards appears to have survived in the original; at least, it has not been possible to find one for reproduction here.

Probably nobody will ever be able to explain just why the idea was a success in that year of grace 1862. The fact that, as already mentioned, Jonathan King claimed to have begun printing cards "about 1860," and also that an artist, John Leighton, claimed to have made designs for another type of Christmas card (based on the visiting-card) in 1862, seems to suggest a concerted "movement" which is even more puzzling. Was there some change in public taste at the beginning of the 'sixties, or was the whole thing pure coincidence?

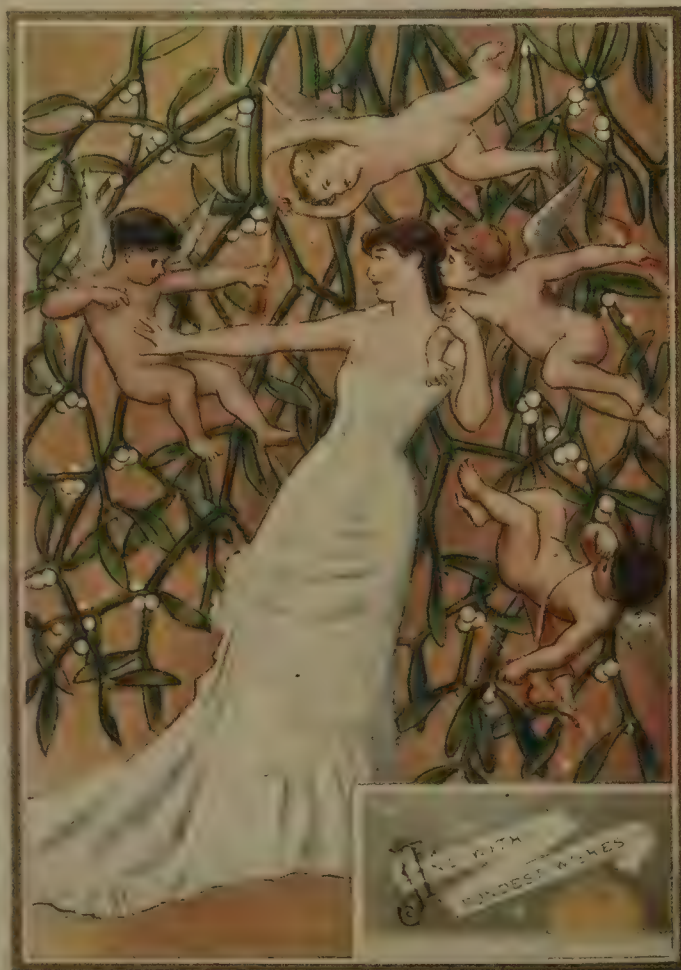
Some of the devices used in the Victorian popular cards were very charming and effective. The "jewelling," of course, owed much to the tinsel ornaments used for embellishing the old theatrical prints, such as



Kate Greenaway as a Christmas card designer: a charming trifle by the famous Victorian child-artist. (6½ x 3½ in.)



An "artistic" card with a highly unseasonable design of a type which was none the less popular with the Victorians.



Victorian Christmas sentiment: a coy fancy of a young lady sporting with cupids against a background of mistletoe; forming half of a folding-card.

may still be seen in antique-shops. The perforated borders, which reached such extravagant lengths in the 'nineties, were foreshadowed by the devices of the 'fifties and 'sixties. "Lace-paper," nowadays seen in paper table-mats and "doyleys," was much favoured. "Frosting" came in in 1867. It was got from a composition made from fine glass blown into bubbles and burst. "Jewelling" was got from a thin film of copper faced with other metals, and heated.

Then came other, more *recherché* forms of decoration, such as natural grass and seaweed; and then the makers worked through practically everything that can be stuck on paper in their efforts to satisfy the craving of our grandparents for ingenious and extravagant ornament—dried flowers, chenille, velvet, crewel-work, swansdown, and all kinds of gelatine contrivances. Comic cards were provided with real corks, luggage-labels, bits of blanket, burnt ends of cigars, and even extracted teeth and bandages, in order to lend point to some deplorable pun or twisted proverb. Old cards, however, were rarely fastened with ribbon, as is often the custom nowadays.

If, in conclusion, we are forced to grant that Christmas cards have tended to retain something of the banal features of the Victorian



Nineteenth-century elegance: a folding Christmas card, reminiscent of a needle-book, lavishly decorated with lace-paper, and imitation ribbons. ($5 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ in.)



A charming and apposite Victorian design—unusual in its comparative simplicity. ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ in.)

middle-class taste which governed their first production, none the less they have probably afforded more pleasure than any other form of commercial art. Theirs is a gay and ephemeral little world—of gaudy colours and trivial devices (which are sometimes, however, more vital than the productions of self-conscious "highbrows") and of facile sentiments (which are often despatched with complete and literal sincerity). Who knows what loving thoughts were borne by the cards that appear on these pages? So considered, there is a sort of pathos about them. Though they may, of course, have been mere mechanical gestures of formal felicitation, one prefers to think of them as bearers of real affection, and sentiments as warm as those that ever inspired poet to lyrical ecstasy.

G. H. S.



Two typical old Victorian cards: (left) a Christmas-tree which displays children playing with a variety of toys when the "branches" are pulled out (as seen here)—with a string at the bottom for pulling them back again; and (right) another "boudoir" card of imitation lace and ribbons. ($6 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in., and $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ in. respectively.)



A CHRISTMAS VISITOR

An extensive round of visits has been planned for this distinguished personage during the coming Christmas festivities. Hosts and Hostesses welcome him as an authority on good living, and in particular as a fine judge of cigarettes. His motto is, 'De Reszke—of course!' Is he on your Christmas list?





Weight and See.

By CYRIL HARE,

Author of "Tenant for Death" and "Death is no Sportsman."

Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

DETEKTIVE-INSPECTOR MALLET of the C.I.D. was a very large man. He was not only tall above the average, but also broad in more than just proportion to his height, while his weight was at least proportionate to his breadth. Whether, as his colleagues at New Scotland Yard used to assert, his bulk was due to the enormous meals which he habitually consumed, or whether, as the inspector maintained, the reason for his large appetite was that so big a frame needed more than a normal man's supply for its sustenance, was an open question. What was not open to doubt was Mallett's success in his calling. But if anybody was ever bold enough to suggest that his success might have been even greater but for the handicap of his size, he would merely smile sweetly and remark that there had been occasions when, on the contrary, he had found it a positive advantage. Pressed for further and better particulars, he might, if in an expansive mood, go so far as to say that he could recall at least one case in which he had succeeded where a twelve-stone man would have failed.

This is the story of that case. It is not, strictly speaking, a case of detection at all, since the solution depended ultimately on the chance application of *avoirduois* rather than the deliberate application of intelligence. None the less, it was a case which Mallett himself was fond of recollecting, if only because of the way in which that recollection served to salve his conscience whenever thereafter he fell to the temptation of a second helping of suet pudding.

The story begins, so far as the police are concerned, at about seven o'clock on a fine morning in early summer, when a milkman on his rounds came out of the entrance of Clarence Mansions, S.W. 11, just as a police constable happened to be passing.

"Morning," said the constable.

"Morning," said the milkman.

The constable moved on. The milkman stood watching him, two powerful emotions conflicting in his breast. On the one hand, it was an article of faith with him that one whose work takes him to other people's houses, at a time when most of the world is only beginning to wake up, should never poke his nose into other people's business; on the other hand, he felt just now a craving, new-born, but immensely powerful, not to be left out of the adventure which some sixth sense told him was afoot. The constable was almost out of earshot before the issue was decided.

... And then Mr. Wellman was out of the flat, his face white, his eyes staring, crying, "Come here, quick! Something awful has happened!"

"Oy!" shouted the milkman.

The officer turned round majestically.

"What is it?" he asked.

The milkman jerked his thumb in the direction of the block of flats behind him.

"I don't know," he said. "But I think there's something queer up there."

"Where?"

"Number thirty-two, top floor."

"How d'you mean, queer?"

"The dog up there is carrying on something awful—barking and scratching at the door."

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing, but it's a bit queer, that's all. It's a quiet dog as a rule."

"They've gone out and left him in, I suppose."

"Well, if they 'ave, they've left a light on as well."

The constable looked up at the windows of the top storey.

"There is a light on in one of the rooms," he observed. "Seems funny, a fine morning like this." He considered the matter slowly. "Might as well go up and see, I suppose. They'll be having the neighbours complaining about that dog. I can hear it from here."

With the milkman in attendance he tramped heavily up the stairs—Clarence Mansions boast no lift—to the top floor. Outside No. 32 stood the pint bottle of milk which had just been left there. He rang the bell. There was no reply, except a renewed outburst of barks from the dog within.

"Are they at home, d'you know?" he asked.

"'S far as I know. I 'ad me orders to deliver, same as usual."

"Who are the people?"

"Wellman, the name is. A little fair chap with a squint. There's just the two of them and the dog."

"I know him," said the policeman. "Seen him about often. Passed the time of day with him. Didn't know he was married, though."

"She never goes out," the milkman explained. "He told me about her once. Used to be a trapeze artist in a circus. 'Ad a fall, and crippled for good. Can't even get in or out of bed by 'erself, so he says."

"Oh?" said the constable. "Well, if that's so, perhaps—" He sucked his cheeks and frowned perplexedly. "All the same, you can't go and break into a place just because the dog's howling and someone's left the light on. I think I'd best go and report this before I do anything."

The milkman was looking down the staircase.

"Someone coming up," he announced. "It's Mr. Wellman all right," he added, as a rather flushed, unshaven face appeared on the landing below.

The constable put on his official manner at once.

"Mr. Wellman, sir?" he said. "There have been complaints of your dog creating a disturbance here this morning. Also I observe that there is a light on in one of your rooms. Would you be good enough to—"

"That's all right, officer," Wellman interrupted him. "I was kept out last night. Quite unexpected. Sorry about the dog and all that."

He fished a latch-key from his pocket, opened the door, and went in, shutting it behind him. The other two, left outside with the milk bottle for company, heard him speak softly to the dog, which immediately became quiet. In the silence, they could hear his footsteps going down the passage, which evidently led away from the front door. They looked at each other blankly. The policeman said, "Well!" The milkman was already preparing to go back to his room, when the steps were heard returning, there was the sound of the door of a room near by being opened, and then Mr. Wellman was out of the flat, his face white, his eyes staring, crying, "Come here, quick! Something awful has happened!"

"But this," said Mallett, "is odd. Very odd indeed."

He sat in the office of the Divisional Detective Inspector, meditatively turning over a sheaf of reports.

"Odd, is the word for it," the D.D.I. replied. "You see, on the one hand, there seems no doubt that the lady was alive at nine o'clock—"

"Let me see if I've got the story straight," said Mallett. "Mrs. Wellman is found dead in her bed at about seven o'clock in the morning by her husband, in the presence, very nearly, of a police officer and another man. She has been killed by a blow on the back of the head, from a blunt instrument. The doctor thinks that death occurred about seven to eleven hours previously—say, between eight o'clock and midnight the night before. He thinks also—in fact, he's pretty sure—that the blow would produce instantaneous death, or, at all events, instantaneous unconsciousness. There are no signs of forcible entry into the flat, and Mrs. Wellman was a cripple, so the possibility of her getting out of bed to let anybody in is out of the question. Am I right so far?"

"Quite correct."

"In those circumstances, the husband quite naturally falls under suspicion. He is asked to account for his movements overnight, and up to a point, he seems quite willing to do so. He says that he put his wife to bed at about a quarter to nine, took the dog out for a short run—what sort of a dog is it, by the way?"

"An Alsatian. It seems to be a good-tempered, intelligent sort of beast."

"He takes the Alsatian out for a short run, returns it to the flat without going into his wife's room, and then goes out again. That's his story. He says most positively that he never came back to the place until next morning, when the constable and the milkman saw him going in. Asked whether he has any witnesses to prove his story, he says that he spoke to the constable on night duty, whom he met just outside Clarence Mansions on his way out, and he further gives the names of two friends whom he met at the Green Dragon public-house, half a mile from Clarence Mansions—"

"Seven hundred and fifty yards from Clarence Mansions."

"I'm much obliged. He met his two pals there at about a quarter past nine, and stayed there till closing time. He went from the public-house with one of them to the nearest tram stop, and took a No. 31 tram going east, or away from Clarence Mansions. His friend went with him on the tram as far as the next fare stage, where he got off, leaving Wellman on the tram, still going away from home. Is that all clear so far?"

"Quite."

"Further than that Wellman wouldn't help us. He said he'd spent the rest of the night in a little hotel somewhere down Hackney way. Why he should have done so he didn't explain, and when asked for the

name of the place, he couldn't give it. He thought it had a red and green carpet in the hall, but that was all he could remember about it. The suggestion was, I gather, that he was too drunk to notice things properly when he got to the hotel and was suffering from a bit of a hang-over next morning."

"He certainly was when I saw him."

"Things begin to look rather bad for Master Wellman. They look even worse when we find out a few things about him. It seems that he hasn't a job, and hasn't had one for a very long time. He married his wife when she was travelling the country as a trapeze artist in a small circus, in which he was employed as electrician and odd-job man. When a rope broke and she was put out of the circus business for good, her employers paid her a lump sum in compensation. He has been living on that ever since. His accounts show that he has got through it pretty quickly, and it's odds that she had been wanting to know where it had gone to. It's not very hard to see a motive for getting rid of her."

"The motive's there all right," said the Divisional Inspector, "But—but," Mallett went on, "here's where our troubles begin. Wellman is detained for enquiries, and the enquiries show that his story, so far as it goes, is perfectly true. He did meet his pals at the

'Green Dragon.' They and the publican are positive on that point, and they bear out his story in every particular. Therefore, if he killed his wife, it

must have been before a quarter past nine, or after half-past ten, which was approximately the time when he was last seen on the No. 31 tram.

But Mrs. Wellman was alive when he left Clarence Mansions, because—"

He pulled out one of the statements before him.

"Statement of Police-Constable Denny," he read:

"At approximately nine o'clock p.m., I was on duty in Imperial Avenue, opposite Clarence Mansions, when I saw Wellman. He had his dog with him. We had a short conversation. He said, 'I've just been giving my dog a run.' I said, 'It's a nice dog.' He said, 'I bought it for my wife's protection, but it's too good-natured for a watch-dog.' He went into Clarence Mansions and came out again almost at once. He had a small bag in his hand. I said, 'Going out again, Mr. Wellman?' He said, 'Yes. Have you seen my pals about anywhere?' I informed him that I did not know his pals, and he replied, 'I expect they've gone on ahead.' He then said, 'I'm waiting to see if the wife has turned in yet.' I looked up at the windows of Clarence Mansions, and there was a light in one of the windows on the top storey—the window to the left of the staircase as you look at it. I have since learned that that is the window of the bedroom of No. 32. As I was looking, the light

was extinguished. Wellman said to me, 'That's all right; I can get along now.' We had a bit of a joke about it. He then went away, and I proceeded on my beat. At approximately ten-thirty p.m., I had occasion to pass Clarence Mansions again. There were then no lights visible in the top storey. I did not pass the Mansions again until on my way back from duty at approximately six-fifteen a.m. I then observed that the same light was on, but I gave the matter no thought at the time."

Mallett put down the statement with a sigh.

"What sort of a man is Denny?" he asked.

"Very intelligent and observant," was the reply. "One of the best uniformed men I have. And not too blooming educated, if you follow me."

"Very well. We have it, then, on his evidence, that Mrs. Wellman, or somebody else in the flat, extinguished the light at a little after nine o'clock and that somebody turned it on again between ten-thirty and six-fifteen. I suppose Mrs. Wellman could turn it off and on herself, by the way?"

"Undoubtedly. It was a bedside lamp, and she had the full use of her arms."

"Therefore," Mallett went on, "we are now driven to this—that Wellman killed his wife—if he killed her—after ten-thirty, when he was last seen on the tram, and before midnight, which is the latest time which the doctor thinks reasonably possible. Then comes the blow. To test



"He came to their place about half-past eleven . . . persuaded whoever it was who was still up at that hour to give him a room, and next morning was seen going out at six o'clock."

Wellman's story for what it is worth, we have enquiries made in Hackney, to see if we can find a hotel of the kind that wouldn't mind taking in a gentleman the worse for liquor, with a red and green carpet in the hall, and handy to the No. 31 tram route. And the very first place we try, we not only find that they remember Mr. Wellman there, but are extremely anxious to see him again. They tell us that he came to their place about half-past eleven—which is the time you would expect, if he left the neighbourhood of the 'Green Dragon' by tram an hour before—persuaded whoever it was who was still up at that hour to give him a room, and next morning was seen going out at six o'clock, remarking that he was going to get a shave. He never came back—"

"And he never got that shave," interjected the D.D.I.

"True enough. And when the hotel people opened his bag—which Police-Constable Denny has identified, incidentally—it contained precisely nothing. So—"

"So we packed him off to the Hackney police to answer a charge of obtaining credit by fraud, and asked the Yard to tell us what to do next!"

"In other words, you want me to fix this crime on to somebody who has, to all appearances, a perfect alibi for it."

"That's just it," said the Divisional Inspector in all seriousness. "If only the blighter had had anything on him that could have been used as a weapon."

"On Wellman," said Mallett, reading from another sheet of the reports, "were found a pencil, a small piece of cork, a pocket knife, two shillings silver, and sixpence-halfpenny bronze." Why," he continued, "do we have to go on saying 'bronze,' when all the rest of the world says 'copper,' by the way? But the weapon—he could have taken that away in his bag, and disposed of it anywhere between here and Hackney easily enough. We shall be lucky if we ever lay our hands on that. The alibi is our trouble. From nine o'clock onwards, it seems unbeatable. Therefore he must have killed his wife before nine. But if he did, who was it that turned the light off in her room? I suppose the dog might have done it—knocked the lamp over, or something."

"There's no trace of the dog having been in the room all night," said the other. "His footprints are quite plain on the carpet in the corridor outside, and I've been over the bedroom carpet carefully, without any result. Also, there seems no doubt that the bedroom door was shut next morning. Wellman was heard to unlatch it. Besides, if the dog turned the light off, how did he turn it on again?"

Mallett considered.

"Have you tested the fuses?" he asked.

"Yes, and they are in perfect order. There's no chance of a temporary fault causing the light to go off and on again. And Wellman was waiting for the light to go off when he was talking to Denny."

"Then," said Mallett, "we've got to work on the assumption that someone else got into the flat that night."

"Without disturbing the dog?"

"A good-natured dog," Mallett pointed out.

"But there are no signs of any entry whatever—I've looked myself, and some of my best men have been on the job."

"But I haven't looked yet," said Mallett.

Number 32 Clarence Mansions was exactly like all the other flats in the block, and, indeed, in Imperial Avenue, so far as its internal arrangements were concerned. Three very small rooms, looking on to the Avenue, opened out of the corridor which ran from the front door. Three still smaller rooms opened out of another corridor at right angles to the first, and enjoyed a view of the back of the Mansions in the next block. At the junction of the two corridors the gloom of the interior was mitigated by a skylight, the one privilege possessed by the top-storey flats and denied to the rest of the block. The bedroom in which Mrs. Wellman had died was the room nearest the entrance.

Mallett did not go into this room until he had first carefully examined the door and the tiny hall immediately inside it.

"There are certainly no marks on the lock," he said at last. Then, looking at the floor, he asked, "What is this powdery stuff down here?"

"Dog-biscuit," was the reply. "The animal seems to have had his supper here. There's his water-bowl in the corner, too, by the umbrella-stand."

"But he slept over *there*," said Mallett, nodding to the farther end of the corridor, where, underneath the skylight, was a large circular basket, lined with an old rug.

They went into the bedroom. The body had been removed, but otherwise nothing in it had been touched since the discovery of the tragedy. On its dingy walls hung photographs of acrobats, dancers and clowns and the framed programme of a Command Variety performance—memorials of the trapeze artist's vanished career. The crumpled pillow bore a single shapeless stain of darkened blood. On a bedside table was a cheap electric lamp. Mallett snapped it on and off.

"That doesn't look as if it had been knocked over," he remarked. "Did you notice the scratches on the bottom panel of the door, by the way? It seems as though the dog had been trying to get in from the passage."

He went over to the sash window, and subjected it to a prolonged scrutiny.

"No," he said. "Definitely no. Now, let's look at the rest of the place."

He walked down the corridor until he reached the skylight.

"I suppose somebody could have got through here," he observed.

"But he would have come down right on top of the dog," the D.D.I. objected.

"True. That would have been a bit of a strain for even the quietest animal. Still, there's no harm in looking."

He kicked aside the sleeping-basket and stood immediately beneath the skylight.

"The light's in my eyes, and I can't see the underside of the frame properly," he complained, standing on tip-toe, and peering upwards. "Just turn on the electric light, will you? I said, turn on the light," he repeated in a louder tone.

"It is on," was the reply, "but nothing's happened. The bulb must have gone."

"Has it?" said Mallett, stepping across to the hanging light that swung within a foot of his head. As he did so, the light came on.

"Curiouser and curiuser! Switch it off again. Now come and stand where I was."

They changed places, and Mallett depressed the switch. The light was turned on at once.

"Are you sure you're standing in the same place?"

"Quite sure."

"Then jump!"

"What?"

"Jump. As high as you can, and come down as hard as you can."

The Inspector sprang into the air, and his heels hit the floor with a crash. At that instant, the light flickered, went out and then came on once more.



The Inspector sprang into the air, and his heels hit the floor with a crash. At that instant, the light flickered, went out and then came on once more.

"Splendid!" said Mallett. "Now look between your feet. Do you see anything?"

"There's a little round hole in the floor-board here. That's all."

"Does the board seem at all loose to you?"

"Yes, it does. Quite a bit. But that's not surprising after what I've done to it."

"Let me see it."

Mallett went down on hands and knees, and found the hole of which the other had spoken. It was quite small—hardly more than a fault in the wood—but its edges were sharp and clear. It was near to one end of the board. That end was completely unsecured, the other was lightly nailed down. He produced a knife and inserted the blade into the hole. Then, using his knife as a lever, he found that he could pull the board up on its end, as though upon a hinge.

"Look!" he said, and pointed down into the cavity beneath.

On the joist on which the loose end of the board had rested was a small, stiff coiled spring, just large enough to keep that end a fraction above the level of the surrounding floor. But what chiefly attracted the attention of the two men was not on the joist itself but a few inches to one side. It was an ordinary electric bell-push—such as might be seen on any front door in Imperial Avenue.

"Do you recollect what Wellman's job was, when he had a job?" asked Mallett.

"He worked in the circus as odd-job man, and—good Lord, yes!—electrician!"

"Just so. Now watch!"

He put his finger on the bell-push. The light above their heads went out. He released it, and the light came on again.

"Turn on another light," said Mallett. "Any light, I don't care which. In the sitting-room, if you like. Now——" He depressed the button once more. "Does it work?"

"Yes."

"Of course it does," he cried triumphantly, rising to his feet, and dusting the knees of his trousers. "The whole thing's too simple for words. The main electric lead of the flat runs under this floor. All Wellman has done is to fit a simple attachment to it, so that when the bell-push is pressed down the circuit is broken and the current turned off. The dog's basket was on this board. That meant that when the dog lay down, out went the light in the bedroom—and any other light that happened to be on, only he took care to see that there wasn't any other light on. When the dog begins to get restless in the morning and goes down the passage to see what's the matter—you said he was an intelligent dog, didn't you?—on comes the light again. And anybody in the street outside, seeing the lamp extinguished and lighted again, would be prepared to swear that there was somebody alive in the room to manipulate the lamp. Oh, it really is ingenious!"

"But——" the Divisional Inspector objected.

"Yes?"

"But the light didn't go off when I was standing there."

"How much do you weigh?"

"Eleven stone seven."

"And I'm—well, quite a bit more than that. That's why. You see, there's a fraction of space between the board and the bell-push, and you couldn't quite force the board far enough down to make it work,

except when you jumped. I had the advantage over you there," he concluded modestly.

"But, hang it all!" protested the other. "I may not be a heavy-weight, but I do weigh more than a dog. If I couldn't do the trick, how on earth could he? It doesn't make sense."

"On Wellman," said Mallett reflectively, "were found a pencil, a small piece of cork, a pocket-knife, two shillings silver and sixpence-halfpenny bronze. Have you observed that the little hole in the board is directly above the button of the bell-push?"

"Yes, I see now that it is."

"Very well. If the small piece of cork doesn't fit into that hole, I'll eat your station sergeant's helmet. That's all."

"So that when the cork is in the hole——"

"When the hole is plugged, the end of the cork is resting on the bell-push. It then needs only the weight of the basket, plus the weight of the dog, to depress the spring which keeps the end of the board up, and the cork automatically works the bell-push. Now we can see what happened. Wellman rigged up this contraption in advance—an easy matter for an experienced electrician. Then, on the evening which he had chosen for the crime, he put his wife to bed, killed her, with the coal-hammer, most probably—if you search the flat I expect you will find it missing—and shut the door of the bedroom, leaving the bedside lamp alight. He next inserted the cork in the hole of the board, and replaced the dog's basket on top. With a couple of dog biscuits in his pocket, he then took the dog out for a run. He kept it out until he saw Police-Constable Denny outside the flats. Probably he had informed himself of the times when the officer on duty could be expected to appear there, and made his arrangements accordingly. Having had a word with Denny, he slipped upstairs and let the dog into the flat. But before he came downstairs again he took care to give the dog his biscuits in the hall. It would never have done if the light had been put out before he was out of the building, so he left the dog something to keep him the other end of the passage for a moment or two. He knew that the dog, as soon as he had eaten his supper and had a drink of water, would go and lie down in his basket. I expect he had been trained to do it. Alsations are teachable animals, they tell me. Down in the street he waited until the dog had put the light out for him, and called Denny's attention to the fact. His alibi established, off he went. But he had to get back next morning, to remove that bit of cork. Otherwise, the next person who trod on the board might give his secret away. So we find that when he came to the flat, the first thing he did was to go down the corridor—before ever he went into the bedroom. That little bit of evidence always puzzled me. Now we know what he was doing. He was a fool not to throw the cork away, of course, but I suppose he thought that nobody would think of looking at that particular place. So far as he knew, nothing could work the lights if the cork wasn't in place. He thought he was safe.

"And," Mallett concluded, "he would have been safe, too, if there hadn't been that little extra bit of weight put on the board. He couldn't be expected to foresee *me*."

Which explains, if it does not excuse, the slight but unmistakable touch of condescension with which Inspector Mallett thereafter used to treat his slimmer and slighter brethren.

[THE END.]



He put his finger on the bell-push. The light above their heads went out. He released it, and the light came on again.



CHRISTMAS-TIDE FESTIVITIES IN THE OLDEN TIME: DRIVING THE "FOOL PLOUGH" THROUGH THE STREETS WITH FROLIC AND SOUNDING HORNS.

On this page and on the following page, we give two of Miss Muriel Broderick's delightful evocations of English traditional customs. In the old days, the first Monday after Twelfth Day, known as Plough Monday, marked the end of Christmas merrymaking in the country districts and the resumption of work on the morrow. Large parties of gaily dressed farm lads harnessed themselves to a plough decorated with ribbons, dragging it through the streets to the accompaniment of music, morris dancing and the blowing of hunting horns. The custom seems to have been a relic of the pagan agricultural rites, and the characters taking part, such as "Bessy" (a boy dressed as an old woman), the Hobby Horse, the Fool, in skins and with a tail, date from very, very long ago and appear in most folk festivals. Before the Reformation, money collected by the procession was partly used to provide candles, known as "Plough Lights," and placed by the farmers before the church images to ensure good crops. Later the money was merely spent on feasting and merrymaking. Although so ancient in origin, the "Fool Plough" with its strange procession could be seen in parts of the North of England until quite recently.



CHRISTMAS-TIDE FESTIVITIES IN THE OLDEN TIME: THE MUMMERS—DRESSED IN COLOURED-PAPER COSTUMES—PRESENTING A QUAIN PLAY OF IMMEMORIAL AGE.

Mumming is one of the oldest English Christmas customs. Since troupes of mummers still perform in certain Hampshire villages, it is the only form of mediæval folk-drama to survive till the present day, for, unlike the miracle and mystery plays, it was not discontinued during the Puritan period. The plays are of very ancient origin; their beginnings may be traced back at least 800 years, the words being handed down orally. Usually they consist of three sections—the prologue, the presentation and the ante-masque with music; followed by a collection. Although some of the features introduced owe their beginnings to the Christmas festival and the Crusades, the main substance seems to date from even earlier times and probably originates from pagan sacrificial and agricultural rites. The most characteristic form of the play is the slaying of the Turkish Knight by St. George (later called King George), in order to rescue the King of Egypt's daughter, the vanquished Knight subsequently being revived by the comic quack doctor. The actors wore costumes decorated with strips of coloured paper, and used to black their faces. During the last century, Mummers were to be seen in many parts of the Southern counties, in Wiltshire, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and in Scotland.

DRAWING AND NOTE BY MURIEL BRODERICK.

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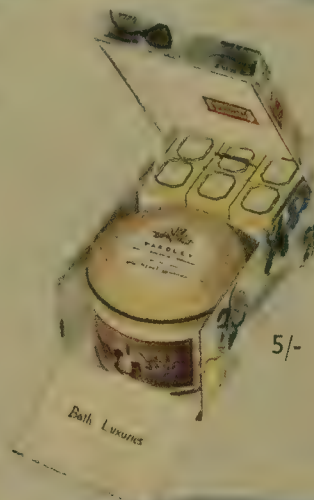
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DIBBER ON DUTY.

By
EDWARD D. DICKINSON.

Illustrated by
EDMUND BLAMPED.

MISS SYLVIA FIELDACRE looked at Dibber, and Dibber looked at Miss Fieldacre; but whereas the former glance was both sad and thoughtful, the latter displayed an everlasting expectancy of favours to come in the shape of food and exercise. Sylvia felt just a little bit hurt at this lack of sympathy. She had read many times in books of dogs that responded to their mistresses' every mood, laughing and sorrowing to order, so to speak; but Dibber wasn't that kind of dog at all. He was a cheerful soul, wearing a perpetual, though slightly lunatic grin, which only came unshipped when—as quite often happened when Sylvia's father was about—he received a clout astern.

Then he would mourn at the top of his voice for thirty seconds or so, until something of interest turned up to make him forget his troubles again. In short, he was an incurable optimist. Even when he had just returned from a walk, and his youthful figure was tight as a drum with supper, he was still convinced that by some miracle either more food would fall like manna from Heaven or that someone would decide to take him for a ten-mile stroll at a late hour on a wild and wintry evening. But although neither of these delights ever materialised, his faith in the future remained unshaken.

Miss Fieldacre, on the contrary, felt that the future was filled with gloomy possibilities.

"I'm afraid," she confessed to her small and nondescript hound, "I'm terribly afraid that Daddy is working up for a storm, and if he does I expect he'll make me give you away, and that would be too rotten for words, because I do like you a lot, even though you are such a juggins sometimes. So please be careful, won't you, and keep out of mischief as much as you can, because if you don't I feel it in my bones that I shall lose you."

Only one word of that appeal penetrated the canine skull. Dibber cocked a knowing ear and grinned more happily than ever.

"Wuff," he shouted. "Bones! Now you've reminded me of something!"—and leaping from her lap, he went hurrying down the stairs and out into the garden. By the time Miss Fieldacre managed to catch up with him, he had already dug himself half out of sight, and a particularly choice bush-rose was leaning over at a drunken angle.

"Oh, dear," wailed Sylvia, dragging the culprit to the surface again, and hastily stamping the rose-tree back into an upright position. "You are the limit, Dibber. You're a—very—bad—dog, and if Daddy had seen you, it would have been good-bye." And, despite his protests, she locked him up in the tool-shed so that she could be reasonably certain that he wouldn't get into any more trouble, while she went in search of her brother.

Robin Fieldacre she found in the schoolroom, trying, with a pencil and a great deal of thought, to write out a Christmas present list. He was making rather heavy weather of it, because, although it was easy enough to put down what he thought people would like, the difficulty was to keep the cost down to seven shillings and tenpence, which was the sum total of his worldly possessions.

"Hallo," said Sylvia. "Can I help you?"

"No," said Robin. "You can't—except, of course, by keeping quiet, or going away, and I don't suppose you'll want to do either."



Picking up her disgraced pet, she trailed sadly away, followed by a very cross Robin. "Why on earth did you blow up like that?" he grumbled. "Now we're missing everything."

"Of course I shan't," said Sylvia. "Because I've only just come, and I particularly want to talk to you. It—it's about Dibber."

"Oh, blow!" growled her brother. "I'd forgotten him. Now that upsets everything, and I'll have to start again."

"You needn't give him a Christmas present, if that's what you mean," said Sylvia. "It would have to be food of some kind, and then he'd only be sick again, and Daddy would be furious. Besides"—she gulped a little—"by the time Christmas comes, I expect he'll be gone, anyway, unless you can think of something."

Robin laid down his pencil with a sigh.

"The trouble is," he said, "that every time Daddy sees him he's reminded of 'Billy Button and Blob,' and I don't suppose he wants to be reminded"—and there he hit the nail square on the head, for that was exactly how matters stood.

A year ago, when Sylvia had first, in fear and trembling, introduced Dibber to the family circle, her father, who was an artist, had been badly gravelled for an idea for a new comic strip, but one glimpse of the queer little mongrel had ended his troubles. In that fateful moment he conceived the idea of 'Billy Button and Blob'—naughty boy and naughtier dog—and these two faithful companions had proved a modest gold-mine. Every day for six months a new adventure delighted a host of admirers, and then, in natural reaction, Mr. Fieldacre painted a perfectly serious portrait of his wife. He titled it "A Woman Wonders Why?"—and it became the picture of the year!

It was, in its way, a problem picture, and it was quite a fashionable pastime to wonder what the woman was wondering about. A number



Mr. Fieldacre stared, choked, and hurled himself on his mission of vengeance . . . Dibber, wailing his grief, was returned to the tool-shed and left to reflect on the injustice of the world.

of lady journalists called on the artist to demand an explanation, but he contented himself with windy generalities. When they approached the sitter, she was even less helpful, smiling gently and saying nothing. Because, in actual fact, the twin reasons behind that pensive expression were: one, a distinct feeling of annoyance that any husband could be so thoughtless as to make her sit still for long hours every evening, with the family mending mounting up every minute, and, two, a sorrowful certainty that Sylvia had grown out of her best frock again and that it was utterly impossible to let it down any farther.

But whatever the reasons, Mr. Fieldacre was a made man. He received commissions to paint a whole parade of women, each looking more pensive than the last, and the stock of Dibber slumped so badly that it became a drug on the market.

In the first place, Mr. Fieldacre was not naturally fond of dogs, and, in the second place, as his son had so justly remarked, he didn't want to be reminded.

"And," said Robin glumly, "I should think you were just about right. Daddy is ripe for a bust-up over Dibber, and when it happens, out the poor little blighter will have to go, and I don't see that we can do anything about it."

"But we must," wailed Sylvia, in despair. "I don't know what, but something simply *must* be done." And by a miracle, the very next day a chance did present itself.

Mr. Fieldacre, scoring his greatest triumph to date, was commencing the portrait of Lady Hermione Wingold. Just two hours late, that famous

young lady arrived for her first sitting, driving her almost equally famous racing two-seater, and barely more than half an hour later they both disappeared again to keep another appointment. Mr. Fieldacre, at the luncheon-table, was quite upset about it.

"No sense of responsibility whatever," he complained. "No consideration for my reputation as a painter, either. Gives me about ten minutes and then expects me to turn out a masterpiece. It's impossible. I'll telephone her father and throw up the commission."

"If you don't eat your soup, darling," said his wife, "it'll get cold, and then you'll refuse to touch it, and Mary will take it as a personal insult and give notice again. So please finish lunch first and curse the rising generation afterwards."

"Nobody," announced Mr. Fieldacre, with conviction, "knows what it means to be an artist! It's hell!" And Nobody, thought Mrs. Fieldacre, knows what it means to be married to one. It's much worse than that!—but aloud she said:

"I expect you'll manage to work it up somehow—only, of course, it must be terribly trying for you. I do understand that,"—which pleased him so much that he finished his meal without another word.

After a pipe and a look at the paper, he returned to his studio in an almost equable state of mind, but then, unfortunately, everything seemed to conspire to annoy and distract him. He made very heavy weather of his first attempt to produce some sort of order from his roughest of rough sketches, and when, at last, he was on the point of snaring an elusive expression, a perfect volley of barks from the back of the house interrupted him and frightened away his flash of memory so completely that not even the most

intense concentration could coax it back again.

"It's that damn dog," he told himself. "I won't put up with it. Sylvia will have to get rid of him." And going to the door, he put his head out and roared down the stairs:

"Why on earth can't someone strangle that little brute, or give it what it wants? I can't possibly work with that infernal racket going on." The barking continued for a few moments, then degenerated into a series of excited squeaks. Apparently either his wife or Mary had acted on his second suggestion and released Dibber from his tool-shed prison.

Mr. Fieldacre returned to his labours and made ineffectual attempts to settle down, but his inspiration had deserted him. He fussed about, looking for pencils and rubbers which had mysteriously vanished from the spot where he was certain he had left them only a few minutes before; tried to pull back the curtain still farther so as to make the most of the dying light, and noticed at once a feathery and waving white lump protruding from the middle of a flower-bed. Active mining operations were evidently in progress; the rose-tree, only partially replaced by Sylvia, was leaning over, even more drunkenly than before, and two hard-working hind-legs were casting a steady fountain of dirt on to the lawn.

Mr. Fieldacre stared, choked, and hurled himself on his mission of vengeance. He grabbed the offending tail, dragged its owner from the ground, and administered some resounding smacks on the area immediately adjacent. Dibber, wailing his grief, was returned to the tool-shed and left to reflect on the injustice of the world, while Mr. Fieldacre,

having for the second time adjusted the long-suffering bush, returned to his studio, muttering ominous threats.

"Not another day will I spend good money housing and feeding that imp of Satan. I don't care if Sylvia does make a fuss. It's time she considered her father a little. She can give the brute away, or sell him, or drown him—so long as he goes,"—and when the children were home from school and sitting down to tea with their mother, he descended from the heights like an outraged deity, prepared to deliver his ultimatum.

The preliminaries were well known to all of them, and when they saw the storm-clouds gathered on that noble brow, three hearts sank precipitately to three pairs of shoes. Oh, dear, they thought as one, Dibber's in trouble again. But this time, by a miracle, the tempest never broke.

Mr. Fieldacre thrust his hands in his coat pockets; began in bellicose tones, "My afternoon's work has been ruined again—" and petered out surprisingly with a feeble "Oh, lor!" His right hand came slowly into view, and in it was clasped a pearl necklace so magnificent that his audience gasped at the sight of it.

"Oh, lor!" breathed the artist once again. "She left it behind. I'd forgotten all about the beastly thing."

"But what!" cried his wife. "Why—it's not real, is it?"

"Real!" he exploded. "I should jolly well think it was. This," and he dangled it before them, "is an heirloom! The little brat *must* be painted in the thing. But when she was rushing off, she suddenly decided she wasn't going to drag it round to half-a-dozen parties, and calmly told me to 'park' it for her in the bank, and—"

"And," Mrs. Fieldacre interrupted him, "you forgot it, and now the bank's shut, so what do you mean to do about it?"

"If you had half the things to worry about that I have," announced Mr. Fieldacre, with a belated attempt at dignity, "you'd forget at least twice as much as I do. I hardly ever forget anything, but—"

"The point is," said his wife, "that you *have* forgotten this, and as I'm certain it must be worth quite two thousand pounds, will you please ring up the girl's father and explain, and have him send someone round to collect it at once?"

"No," said her husband, "I won't. Lady Hermione Wingold may need smacking, but if I make a success of her portrait, it should mean a lot of money for us. If I rang up her father, she'd get into trouble for not having banked the necklace herself, and there wouldn't be a portrait at all, because my name would be mud!"

"But it can't stay in the house all night," protested Mrs. Fieldacre. "I should never sleep a wink. Why, if anything happened to it, we should be responsible—"

"What could happen?" demanded the artist. "Nobody knows it's here—and, besides, I can sit up all night with the beastly thing, if it will make your mind any easier."

"You know perfectly well," said his wife, "that you'd be sound asleep in half an hour, and that then nothing short of an earthquake would waken you up again."

"I should do nothing of the sort—" began Mr. Fieldacre indignantly, but at that moment Sylvia was inspired to interrupt him.

"Oh—but please," she cried, "you're both forgetting Dibber. He's a wonderful watch-dog!"

Mr. Fieldacre almost replied "What! That good-for-nothing little brute!" But he didn't quite. He would like to have done so, for even the affair of the necklace had not driven the enormities of the afternoon from his mind, but there was now another side to the question.

If he poured scorn on the idea, the result would certainly be that he would be expected to spend a thoroughly uncomfortable night camped in the armchair in his study, and the prospect was not inviting; so, after a moment's thought, he chose the lesser of the two evils and momentarily swallowed his grievance.

"By Jove," he said at last, "there's something in that!"

Mrs. Fieldacre was not so receptive.

"But, darling," she suggested, "we don't know that Dibber is a good watch-dog. He always seems to want to be friends with everybody, whether they're strangers or not."

"He'd be different at night, Mummy," her daughter assured her. "And, of course, he'd understand he was on guard if he was in the study instead of on the end of my bed as usual. He's always a very light sleeper—why, he opens his eyes every time I move—and he'd have barked hundreds of times if I hadn't stopped him because I was afraid he might disturb you."

Mr. Fieldacre made up his mind to join forces with the enemy. "Perhaps it's not such a bad thing, after all, to have a dog in the house. Come in useful now and then, don't they? I'll put the necklace in the safe right away, and when we go to bed we'll leave Dibber in the study. He's probably a very fine watch-dog when he's on his mettle. So that settles that, and nobody need worry any more." And when tea was over, he stored the pearls in a long tin brush-case, and the whole family solemnly witnessed the hiding of the treasure among a scattered collection of supposedly valuable family documents at the back of the safe.

Sylvia and Robin, settling down to their preparation in the school-room, discussed the situation with glee, tempered by a certain element of doubt. Dibber was curled up on the hearthrug. Since his recent chastisement, he had almost caught an entirely imaginary mouse, which he was certain lived behind the pile of deck chairs in the tool-shed. During the chase, he had worried a chair to tatters, and everything in the world was very beautiful again. He smiled scraphically in his sleep.

"I say," said Robin suddenly. "That was a wonderful bit of luck, wasn't it? I mean, Daddy had to back up old Dibber or do house-dog himself, so it was pretty obvious which he'd choose. But," he jerked



At once the house burst into life all around her. . . . A dazed father and son came lurching from their rooms, clutching, respectively, a poker and a hockey-stick.

a thumb towards the shaggy white ball by the fire, "do you honestly think he'd be any good?"

Sylvia was up in arms at once.

"Of course he would! He may be frightfully pally with people if he thinks they'll give him something to eat, but I'm sure he'd kick up a row if he heard anyone trying to break in. And besides—no one will break in. Daddy was right. That awful girl won't talk about the necklace, because she doesn't want her father to hear she left it behind, and she thinks it's in the bank, anyway—so how can anybody know but us?"

Which was a comforting thought, but, unfortunately, not true, because, during their conversation at the tea-table, the serving-hatch had, unknown to them, been left a crack open, and Mary in the kitchen had overheard every word of it.

Now Mary was a good enough girl in many ways and as sensible as most, but to keep such a story to herself was more than flesh and blood could stand, particularly as she had been given a couple of hours off duty that evening to pay a visit to her sister.

Within ten minutes of her arrival, the sister was in possession of all the facts, and a good deal of embroidery as well, although bound to silence by strict vows—but, as no young woman could be expected to understand

That's all very well, but it's not quite fair. Now Dibber has been whacked for making a row, we could hardly expect him to bark if anybody did come. . . .

She was roused by a sharp and unmistakable sound—the tinkle of breaking glass! For a moment she lay still, barely comprehending what it implied, and then her full consciousness returned to her and she was in the passage outside her bedroom, listening intently almost before she knew where she was.

The study window—was her first idea; a burglar breaking it open—but the next moment she realised that the truth was even more terrifying!

A low and very hoarse voice, exhorting someone to "be a bit more careful, for Gawd's sake," proved that entry had already been effected. That was enough. She drew one long breath and began to scream:

"Daddy! Mummy! Robin! It's happened! They've come!"

At once the house burst into life all around her.

From below came a couple of startled grunts and the hasty scattering of fugitive feet, while almost as one a dazed father and son came lurching from their rooms, clutching, respectively, a poker and a hockey-stick. Mrs. Fieldacre was but a step behind, and Mary, with her head out of the window of her own sanctuary, cried piercingly for the police.



The next moment she had snatched it from him and was flying full-speed for the house whooping like an Indian!

that such vows applied to her best boy-friend, the story, still more highly embellished, soon found itself poured into his receptive ears.

That gentleman, possessing no conscience worth mentioning, in due course passed on the tale to his friends in the public bar of the Flowing Bowl, without troubling to lower his voice, and as among those present were those two lively characters "Flash Willy" and "Mokey Dawson," it was a foregone conclusion that the house of Mr. Fieldacre would receive a visitation before it was older by many hours.

By the time the unwanted and unlawful call was made, the whole household, including Dibber, was wrapped in the deep sleep that speaks of utter exhaustion. It had certainly been a very tiring time for all, because Dibber, accustomed to resting on his mistress's bed, objected strongly to his makeshift couch in the study, and told everybody as much, *fortissimo*, as soon as he was left alone.

Three times Sylvia and Robin crept shivering downstairs in their dressing-gowns to pacify the lonely animal, and on each occasion the procedure was the same. As long as they were in the room, Dibber was as good as gold, but the moment they departed he began to bark again, every now and then throwing in a most mournful howl by way of variation.

In the early hours of the morning, Mr. Fieldacre himself took charge of matters, going into action with a slipper and a whole volley of remarks which he afterwards hoped his children had not heard. Sylvia heard the lamentations reach a sudden crescendo and die away again. Her father came stumping back to his room. Peace reigned at last in the house, and Sylvia, torn between joy at the cessation of sound, and sorrow for the cause of it, thought in her final waking moments:

The procession descended on the study in a body, to discover a scene of the utmost confusion. The french-windows and the safe were both open; papers were scattered all over the floor; a nearly emptied bottle of whisky stood on the table, together with a box of biscuits in a like state, and a broken glass, lying on the floor, betrayed the origin of the sound that had aroused Sylvia.

As they stood in dismay, Dibber came trotting in from the garden, having, apparently, seen the guests off the premises in the manner of a perfect host. He wagged his tail in a cheery manner at each one in turn, climbed into his basket, turned round three times, and prepared to resume his interrupted slumbers. Mr. Fieldacre made a dive at the safe, tossed more papers in the air, and announced what was quite obvious to everybody.

"It's gone! Ring up the police—"

"Shut the door first," suggested his wife. "There's no need for all of us to die of pneumonia."

"No," roared her husband, "don't touch anything. There may be finger-prints," and having put through a frantic S.O.S. on the telephone, he at last found time to express his opinion of dogs in general, and Dibber in particular.

"Call that a watch-dog! The house is broken into under his nose; I'm robbed and ruined—and he doesn't make a sound!"

But Sylvia was up in arms at once.

"You've got no right to say that," she stormed, regardless of consequences. "You gave him a beating because he barked, and now you're angry because he didn't. It—it's just silly!"

(Continued on page 56.)



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AN ARCHBISHOP AT TEA: DETAIL FROM "A FAMILY GROUP", BY HOGARTH (1697-1764). (Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Gallery.)



DETAIL FROM "AN ENGLISH FAMILY AT TEA", BRITISH SCHOOL, 18TH-CENTURY. (Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Gallery.)



WHEN TEA-CUPS HAD NO HANDLES: "A FAMILY AT TEA", BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST—BRITISH SCHOOL, ABOUT 1725. (A Painting in the Possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Reproduced by Permission.)

"THE CUPS THAT CHEER"—AS DRUNK IN COWPER'S DAY: TEA-TIME IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Cowper's familiar lines alluding to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate" are inevitably recalled by these interesting records of 18th-century "tea-time." The two upper illustrations show portions only of the original pictures. In Hogarth's painting the figure on the left is Dr. Arthur Smith, Archbishop of Dublin, 1766-72.

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This charming example of Mogul art in the 17th century, which hangs in the Library at the India Office, shows a boy beginning to climb a plane-tree containing numerous squirrels, besides some birds, while other birds and animals appear below. A relevant anecdote about squirrels occurs in the Memoirs of the Mogul Emperor Jahangir, who was an ardent naturalist as well as a great patron of art. On his Imperial journeys there were always artists in his retinue. He records that once, during a halt, someone brought to him "a piebald animal like the flying mouse, which in the Hindi tongue they call *galabri* [squirrel], and said that mice would not frequent any house in which this animal was. . . . As I had never seen one before [he adds], I ordered my painters to draw a likeness of it."

FROM A PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE INDIA OFFICE. MOGUL, EARLY 17TH CENTURY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA. SHOWN IN AN EXHIBITION OF INDIAN ART AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

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BY THE "SALVATOR ROSA OF THE NORTH": AN OLD-WORLD WINTER IN HOLLAND—BY ALLART VAN EVERDINGEN
Allart van Everdingen is well known by his rocky, romantic landscapes and his tempest-tossed seas. Shipwrecked on the coast of Norway, he employed his time in making sketches of the romantic wilds of the uncultivated country, which furnished him with admirable subjects for pictures, causing him to be named the "Salvator Rosa of the North." (COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.)

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AS TRUE AS THE CALENDAR

(Continued from page 18.)

where it had been wont to seek the casual sums demanded for the house. Instead of a banknote, it brought out a fat wad of hand-written data inscribed in wavering, old-age penmanship, "Conversion Tables. Metres to Pyramid-inches." Even in these few words the writing started to go downhill.

Automatically, he checked the "General Formula" that appeared below the title. Then he lifted the top sheet. "Principal Dates in History as Established by the New Chronology" it was headed, and below began a series of involved calculations. Taking a pencil from the inkstand, he began to run through them. . . .

An hour later the door opened abruptly and a voice—a woman's voice—said: "What on earth . . . ?"

He did not so much as glance round, so absorbed he was by now. Just threw her a "Shan't be long now, my dear. I just want to get this straight. If there's any food in the house I could do with it before I turn in," and went on with his task, his pencil flickering industriously about the slanted lines of figures.

It must have been the tone of his voice that reassured Star. Its cultured, slightly throaty timbre—that and the entire absence of any note of surprise. She thrust the General's old Service revolver into the pocket of her dressing-gown, where it remained, dragging the silk unbecomingly, for the rest of their encounter. She moved on silent, naked feet into the room. She had meant to say "Stick 'em up!" or something equally dramatic, but the sight of him innocently figuring away there so absorbedly had told her at once that this was no occasion for the sort of histrionics one borrows so instinctively from the talkies. This, she was convinced, could be no burglar.

Half-way across the floor she paused. "I suppose you've an explanation," she said very firmly, and thought that this sounded the sort of thing one might say to a young man who has disappointed one's aspirations for him, and for oneself.

He had not listened. He did not even move his head in her direction. Instead, he waved a pencil backward at her, petulantly. "Just a minute, my dear," pleaded the slightly throaty, Common Room voice. "This fellow seems never to have heard of contracted methods." He was checking an examination paper now. "Almost an impertinence, the way they send 'em up so unprepared nowadays. Fourth form boy'd

have made a better shot in my young days than this idiot," he murmured.

She paused where she was, in the middle of the room, her brows slightly contracted, an idea—a hope, almost—dawning in her brain. Then she swept that aside. After all, this was a situation that demanded something more than a politely casual acceptance. Her fingers sought assurance on the chill, hard object that dragged her dressing-gown pocket out of shape. Though now more than ever they cringed from the lethal feel of the thing, she again spoke quite firmly. "I should like to know how you come to be here," she insisted.

He shifted as if impatiently. Then he seemed to realise, for with a start he pushed the papers from him and, rising, turned to face her. "I came in through the lavatory window," he answered quite simply and, she could tell, truthfully, while his eyes took in the slim roundness of her, admired the arrogant poise of a tousled little head that rose from a high, brocaded collar. "I haven't taken anything, I assure you," he added. "Not that I didn't mean to, but I got absorbed in these calculations. I'd be obliged, though, if you'd permit me to go out by some more conventional opening. It seems I'm a failure at burglary."

"What are you?" she curtly asked.

"I used to be a Professor of Mathematics, later what is known as a financier, and later still—but there is no need to go into that. I had almost fancied the old professorial days back again." He eyed her with a half-humorous acknowledgment of the futility of his obsessions. "I can't resist figures, you know," he pleaded. "Never could. And there's an obvious blunder in these that vitiates all the results."

Now she moved forward. "What is it you've got hold of?" she asked, and, bending over the desk, gasped "Daddy's New Chronology! And you mean to say it's wrong?"

"Certainly it's wrong. There's an error in the second decimal place of the time constant, only I can't quite say how much that has thrown him out—for the moment, that is. It'd be easy enough if there were more time."

Now she stepped back to look steadily at him from under her lightly pencilled brows. A plan—a definite plan—was forming itself somewhere behind the low, white forehead that the hair had been trained to abbreviate fashionably. "You said something about food," she commented thoughtfully, to gain time while the plan matured. "I suppose you broke in for that?"

"I came in for money, I'm afraid. I wanted five pounds, to be precise. Not that I couldn't manage a bite of something," he hastened to add. "It's easier checking figures on a full stomach, I'll admit."

"Sandwiches," she said at last. "Wait here and I'll see what there is in the larder."

"I should be more than grateful," he shrugged acceptance, "but I mustn't put you to more trouble—at this time of night, too."

"Sit down," she commanded. "I won't be long. Afterwards I've a job for you to do." The dressing-gown trailed after her through the door. The Professor, slumping gratefully into the too easy chair once again, placed his finger-tips professorially together while he waited. A little later, the stronger for sandwiches and a rummer of toddy, he asked in what way he might be of service.

"You say there's a mistake in those figures?"

"I do. I was correcting the dates derived from them when you—er—interrupted so charitably. I'd amended them, right up to—let me see—up to the Fall of Babylon, if my memory serves me aright. The Destruction of the Hittites follows from that calculation apparently—"

She interrupted. "There's only one date that matters—the Birth of Christ." The Professor made her a grave little bow of assent. "If you can prove—fake it, if you like—that that occurred on the twenty-fifth of December instead of on the twenty-first of June, as Daddy says it did, I'll give you your five pounds."

The Professor smiled a little wryly and shook his head. "I never faked a figure in my life, Madam," he assured her, again quite obviously



Dawn was grey behind the window curtains when he turned at last . . . "Well, there you are. It'd take a Senior Wrangler, the sort they turn out now, half a lifetime to upset that little calculation."

truthful. Then his eyes lit up reminiscently. "But there are those who insist that one can prove anything with figures," he added a little hopefully.

"If it's a fake you'll have to hide your traces, though really Daddy never was much good at figures," she said, and, settling into the other easy-chair, prepared to watch while the Professor carried out her wishes.

Dawn was grey behind the window curtains when he turned at last and, glancing at her almost roguishly, remarked, "Well, there you are. It'd take a Senior Wrangler, the sort they turn out now, half a lifetime to upset that little calculation."

"And Christmas Day?"

"Christmas Day falls where the calendar has all along insisted—that is, on the twenty-fifth of December," he assured her gravely.

Later that morning two telegrams were dispatched from the Post Office at Great Heatherley. One was to *The Times*, and read: "Postpone publication my letter of eleventh. Regret serious error calculations. Oddisher Brigadier-General Retired." The other was signed only "Star" and, addressed to one Blake at Oxford, said: "Ignore letter. Everything O.K. now. Expecting you Christmas as arranged."

There was beer, after all, as well as beef and pudding, at the Great Heatherley "spike" that year, but the Professor was not of those partaking. On the morning of the telegrams he had returned, much improved in appearance, to the Hall, where, after explaining certain calculations of his, he had been offered the post of extra mathematical tutor to a Mr. Anthony Oddisher at Oxford. He had the promise, too, of an additional pupil, a Mr. Geoffrey Blake, also at Oxford, and though that was vouched for merely by a young woman who seemed to make herself responsible rather too easily for Mr. Blake's acquiescence, he felt entitled to consider himself on the way to rehabilitation even as the slow train jolted him towards reunion with his Muriel. [THE END.]

DIBBER ON DUTY.

(Continued from page 46.)

"That dog," said Mr. Fieldacre, with dangerous calm, "is going back first thing to-morrow morning to where he came from, and that's final..."

Mrs. Fieldacre broke in quickly.

"You two children go back to bed at once. This minute, now. You'd better take Dibber with you, Sylvia."

"Yes, Mummy," said Sylvia, very subdued again all of a sudden, and, picking up her disgraced pet, she trailed sadly away, followed by a very cross Robin.

"Why on earth did you blow up like that?" he grumbled. "Now we're missing everything. The police will be here any moment and we could have watched them testing for prints."

"I couldn't keep quiet," she protested. "I know it was stupid, but it really was so beastly unfair, and, of course, I've lost Dibber anyway."

"Well," said Robin, "Daddy's lost the necklace, so you can't expect him to be pleased, because it looks as though he was in a bit of a mess."

And with that opinion the Inspector of Police presently had to agree.

"I'm afraid you'll be held responsible, Sir," was his solemn judgment, after he had made a thorough, though fruitless, examination of the scene of the crime. "But don't lose heart. As likely as not, we'll get it back for you in next to no time and, you may depend, if anything turns up, I'll communicate with you at once."

But when, next morning early, some news did come through, it was far from reassuring.

"We've pulled in both the boys who did the job," boomed the Inspector over the telephone.

"But the necklace?" demanded Mr. Fieldacre. "Have you got it?"

"Well, no, Sir," the officer confessed. "There's something very fishy about that. As a matter of fact, we caught them so quickly because one of our men came across them in the street fighting like a couple of cats! Calling each other all kinds of nasty names, they were, and so mad with each other that 'Mokey' split on 'Flash' and 'Flash' split on 'Mokey,' just out of spite."

"But the necklace—" began Mr. Fieldacre again.

"I'm coming to that," went on the Inspector doggedly. "Up to a point, the stories are the same. They picked up the news in a pub—wonderful how it gets round, isn't it, Sir?—did the job as easy as wink, and as the house was quiet and that little dog of yours seemed to look on 'em as long-lost brothers, they thought they would settle down to finish the whisky before they left. Then 'Mokey' knocked over his glass, and they heard someone upstairs start screaming, so they made a quick get-away—and it's here the trouble begins. 'Mokey' swears that 'Flash' picked up the tin box with the necklace in it, and 'Flash' swears it was 'Mokey.' They separated as soon as they'd cleared the premises, but when they met again, at the spot they'd arranged, they both asked first thing, 'What's happened to the swag?' and neither of them would admit to having it. Neither of 'em has it now, at any rate, because they've been searched, so one of 'em is lying and has hidden it somewhere, but I'm damned if I know which or where."

Mr. Fieldacre groaned aloud.

"Can't you make 'em tell?" he pleaded.

"No, Sir," said the Inspector. "We can't, because we're not allowed to." And he rang off, leaving a very deflated artist to pass on the tidings to his family at the gloomiest breakfast-table that any of them could remember.

Mrs. Fieldacre nearly choked herself with the effort of not saying "I told you so"; Sylvia, overwhelmed by the imminence of her parting with Dibber, wept silently into her porridge; and Robin was so depressed at the thought that real detectives had been at work in the house while he was banished to his room that he felt he would never smile again.

When the miserable meal was over, and Mr. Fieldacre had departed to his study to wrestle with the problem of how best to break the news to the father of Lady Hermione Wingold, Sylvia ventured on a final and quite hopeless appeal.

"Oh, M-M-other," she wailed. "M-must I?"

"I'm afraid so, darling," said Mrs. Fieldacre.

"C-couldn't you speak to Daddy?"

"No," said Mrs. Fieldacre, very decidedly, "I couldn't."—So there was nothing left for the sorrowful young woman to do but put on her things and collect Dibber from the garden, where he was patiently sitting with his mouth open, evidently in the hope that a tom-cat, perched on the top of the wall, would presently be hypnotised into falling off.

When he saw his mistress, in her outdoor clothes, he forgot all about the cat, and began to gallop round and round her in circles, shouting loudly for joy.

"Hurrah!" he barked, with his usual lack of perception. "Jolly good idea! Come for a walk! Let's go miles and miles!"

"Oh, Dibber," she reproved him, "can't you see I'm terribly unhappy? It's not a proper walk at all." But he obviously couldn't see anything of the kind, and continued to rejoice while she put on his lead.

"Come on," said Sylvia.

"No," said Dibber, with all four feet solidly planted, "Can't come for a minute, after all. Just remembered something." And jerking suddenly backwards, he pulled the lead from her hand, rolled head over heels, scrambled to his feet again, and, dashing across the garden, commenced to dig in his favourite patch by the rose bush.

Sylvia followed him at a leisurely speed.

"It's the last time, anyhow," she thought, "So he might as well do as he likes, and even if he does finish off the bush for good, nothing worse can happen to him than has happened already, so I might as well let him enjoy himself." . . . and her progress was purposely so slow that by the time she arrived at the pit-head, Dibber had achieved his purpose, and was returning to the surface.

She took one look at the long tin case he held in his mouth—and the next moment she had snatched it from him and was flying full-speed for the house, whooping like an Indian!

"Daddy!" she shrieked. "Mummy! It's all right! It's found!"—and once more her cries brought the whole family crowding round her.

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Fieldacre. "Where?" and he made a grab in his turn, opening the prize with trembling fingers and pouring the shimmering string out on the study table for all to see.

"By Jove," he gasped, "there it is! I'm saved! How on earth did it happen?"

"Dibber did it," panted Sylvia. "He's just dug it up, so it must have

been he that hid it, and—oh, can't you see what happened? When the two burglars were eating our biscuits and drinking your whisky, one of them put the necklace down, and Dibber sneaked it so quickly that neither of them saw him, and rushed out into the garden to bury it—so when I heard them and yelled out, and they ran away, hey both made sure, in the hurry, that the other one had it. And I think it was frightfully clever of Dibber, because, of course, he was afraid to bark or he might have been whacked again, so he must have worked it all out in his head what was best to be done, and—you ought to give him a medal or something instead of sending him away in disgrace!"

Mr. Fieldacre mopped a perspiring brow.

"My dear," he said, "I take back everything! I offer your hound my humble apologies, and if you like I'll buy him a silver collar and he shall eat off a silver dish. He shall have the freedom of the garden, with my full permission to dig where and when he wants to—I'll write it out for him when I get back, but now I'm going to the bank to get this wretched thing off my hands before anything else happens"—and he rushed from the room, calling loudly for his hat and coat.

Sylvia felt so happy that she could scarcely breathe. Only a few minutes before, she had been saying good-bye to Dibber for ever, and now everyone was taking it in turns to pat him and praise him and give him things to eat. She sat very quietly in a corner, until at last her mother managed to remember that it was, after all, an ordinary working

day, in spite of these excitements, and packed both children off to school.

"You're terribly late already," she warned them. "But I hope, if you explain, you won't get into trouble."

"It doesn't matter much, anyhow," said Robin, "as it's the end of term the day after to-morrow, and it'll be a most tremendous score over Robinson Major. He swanked like anything when they were burgled, because his dog bit a piece out of one of the men's trousers, but any dog can do a thing like that. What Dibber did was tons cleverer, wasn't it, Mummy?"

"Much," said Mrs. Fieldacre. "And, Sylvia, darling, you'd better shut him up in the tool-shed or he's sure to follow you up the road. I'll let him out again as soon as you're round the corner."

"All right, Mummy," said Sylvia, and once more pushed a very disappointed pup into his temporary prison.

"You said you'd take me for a walk," wailed Dibber through the door. "You promised you would, and it's not fair!"

"He doesn't understand very much," sighed Miss Fieldacre, as she hurried up the street, "When I'm in the dumps he's awfully bucked with himself, and when I'm happy he's miserable, and I'm afraid he wasn't really even a little bit clever about the burglars, although, of course, I shall never tell anyone else that—not even Robin! I'm sure what actually happened was—that he couldn't bear to see other people eating and drinking without having something himself, so he pretended the brush-case was a bone, and took it away to bury it because he didn't mean to be left out of things! I know, because I've seen him do it so often before, only it's usually one of my slippers."

And that led her to the realisation of a most peculiar fact. "It's funny," she told herself, "Mummy and Daddy and Robin all think he's rather wonderful, and I know he hasn't any brains worth talking about, and that he's much too friendly with everybody to ever be a house-dog; and that he's just as greedy as he can be—yet none of them love him one quarter as much as I do!"

[THE END]



He titled it "A Woman Wonders Why?" and it became the picture of the year!

Whence?



Bushman" Paintings are one of the seven wonders of Southern Africa. They are to be found in caves and rock shelters throughout the country and represent the art of a Neolithic people whose origin and history are wrapped in mystery. Research has established that these paintings—an example is illustrated above—date back thousands of years. There are other mysteries, notably the Zimbabwe Ruins, and further recent discoveries suggest that there is much still to be explored in Southern Africa. Why not see some of these "wonders" yourself and, at the same time, come under the spell which this alluring land casts on all her visitors.

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South Africa

SHELTER.—(Continued from page 5.)

But it did not. The trick the lightning had played him passed. Peters caught desperately at his everyday self, at sanity. The girl, her chin tilted, her mocking eyes playing on the face of her lover, had life, almost beauty. Extraordinary that for one fleeting moment he had seen instead of her face—a skull.

The blue eyes could not drive from Peters' mind sharp remembrance of empty sockets, nor the pretty dimpled chin that ridge of hard bone.

He found himself stripping the flesh from that seductive roseleaf face. . . .

As if to dispel the terrible vision he had of her, the girl suddenly smiled at him, openly, brilliantly. Small shining teeth, like those of a child. The eyes' blue deepening: really, they were enchanting.

But the lover had sprung to his feet, goaded by that last challenge. He looked from one to the other, from the pale, agitated face of Peters to the shining visage of the girl.

"What!—another?" he shouted, and thrust a hand into his breast. The thunder pealed, but could not cover a slighter, sharper sound.



"You—you must be mad," he stammered. "Is she—Is she dead?" "Mine," muttered the lover in a lifeless voice. "Hands off! Mine."

The girl tilted over, slithered, and fell along the bench. Peters rose giddily with a cry of horror. He had thought the man had received the shot. Now he saw the wound in the girl's long, lovely throat.

"You—you must be mad," he stammered. "Is she—is she dead?" "Mine," muttered the lover in a lifeless voice. "Hands off! Mine."

"But we may save her. Oh, don't be such a fool. I don't know the girl, and I have some medical knowledge. . . ." Peters' voice trailed off.

The other had seized him, was crashing him down, battering his head upon the floor. Peters' last conscious knowledge was of distant thunder and a drip, drip, drip upon the floor.

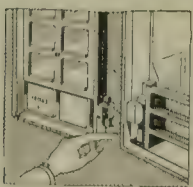
Later, much later—or so Peters thought—he had a moment of semi-consciousness and was aware that he was alone. The storm was over but for a light rain. He was half-seated, half-propped, uncomfortable. He tumbled over and lay along

the floor. Overcome by a profound lassitude, he slept.

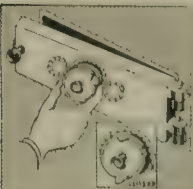
Peters awakened, and could not at once recollect where he was. Not in London: all around him was a silvery twitter of birds. Slowly he remembered. Scrambling to his feet, he looked about him with a shudder.

(Continued overleaf.)

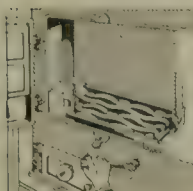
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Continued.

The bicycles were gone: his own cycle lay upon a heap of mouldering wood. Spiders' webs everywhere. The place smelt indescribably musty. Peters' shudder passed; he stared, incredulous.

There was no bench in the shed. Only a few rotting spars told where one might once have been. A tottery milking-stool lay broken on the floor. The door was gone from the shed, and a grey light showed dust, webbing, decay; it was the light of dawn.

No bloodstains on the floor. The only disarrangement of its dust and dirt was that made by his own body and the passage of his cycle. Peters could see that he had been sitting in some sort of fashion on the stool, and had slithered to the floor.

Dazed, he pushed his cycle out of the shed. With a shaking hand he brushed dust and debris from his clothes. In a few steps he was back on the main road. He stood staring hazily into the distance. A soft mist was upon the fresh rain-swept road. The rain had ceased.

A cart came lumbering along, driven by a red-cheeked youth singing, with a country accent, some London music-hall ditty. Peters hailed him.

The lad pointed out the way to Cobbold Green. "You kin cut through to it, a road called New Cut," he said.

Peters thanked him. He thought, "Last night there was no New Cut!"

"You're early astir, mister. Storm got you, I reckon," said the boy. "Yes," said Peters wearily. "It caught me. I sheltered—in that shed."

The young carter glanced at it, then pushed back his cap. "You'd have the whole of un to yourself." He moved uneasily. "Haunted, that shed is. Chap shot his girl there donkeys' years ago, then went off and shot hisself. Jealous. And all on account of a stranger."

"No, no—Ned Packett," muttered Peters.

"Some name like that *were* mixed up in it. You've heard the tale, I kin see." The boy hesitated. "You look done, and the cart's empty. Put yourself and the bike into it. I'm going as nigh Cobbold Green as matters. No trouble. Hop in."

Watching Peters' wavering attempts, the lad descended, hoisted the cycle into the cart. "Better lay down and sleep," said he.

Peters was grateful for the invitation. He settled himself among the straw. He was very sore. Bruises. Or merely the damp floor of the shed? He wondered. . . .

The cart was lumbering on, slowly, lazily, with a kind of soothing slackness. In the sky a thin feather of gold appeared, and began to spread. They travelled into that gold as the cart wound on to Cobbold Green. [THE END.]



Scrambling to his feet, he looked about him with a shudder. The bicycles were gone. . . .



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THE VICAR SHOOTS THE AMBER.

By J. A. D. DEMPSEY.

"BUT, dash it, Dick, you can afford more than that!"

The Rev. Cyprian Carroll never allowed feelings of delicacy to weigh with him when engaged on raising money for one of the causes he had at heart. At the moment he was being lunched extremely well by Dick Merrall, underwriter at Lloyd's, in the Captains' Room; but that fact did not in the least deter him from trying to separate his host from a handsome sum of money on behalf of St. Cunegonda's organ fund.

Dick Merrall surveyed his guest with an expression of well-simulated disgust.

"Really, Cyprian, you're the most importunate devil it has ever been my lot to come up against. The daughters of the horse-leech were shy, retiring little violets compared with you. You've stung me heavily in turn for your Guides, your Scouts, your Women's Institute, the roof of your jerry-built sacred edifice, and I don't remember what else. You're worse than the scoundrel who assesses me for income-tax."

"You can afford it, and it's good for your almost non-existent soul," said Cyprian placidly.

Dick smiled ruefully.

"Better put that 'can' in the past tense, old boy. If you saw the claims payments you'd know better. These country-house fires are getting me down."

Cyprian registered tactful sympathy in a professional manner.

"Yes, I know. I keep on seeing them in the *Thunderer*. How is it they can't control them better?"

"It's the system. It's rotten. These local fire-brigades are just one huge joke. Half-trained men, antediluvian engines, absurd regulations about not operating outside a certain area—why the whole thing would be laughable if it weren't so damn' tragic. Our fire-account claims ratio—oh, never mind! Sometimes I almost think we ought to do our own fire-fighting, like the old insurance offices."

"It's rotten luck. One thing I can say, our own fire brigade's all right."

"It ought to be, considering the money you collected for it. Got the new engine?"

"Came last month. A lovely thing—four-and-a-half-litre Laycroft chassis—handles like a racing car, except that the ladder makes her a bit wildish cornering."

Cyprian Carroll, who had been a racing driver before he took to the

"dog-collar," chanted the praises of the engine as though he were reciting a psalm of triumph.

Reluctantly, and without his cheque, he left the Captains' Room to further his parochial duties, which included a conference with his Bishop's chaplain, in town for the day, anent a forthcoming Confirmation.

The difficult question of dates having been settled, the Confirmation was duly held. St. Cunegonda's provided a very creditable number of candidates out of the total from four parishes and the Right Reverend the Bishop of Bamborough was graciously pleased to express his august appreciation in the vestry. He was never quite sure if he approved of the semi-professional motoring activities in which Cyprian still indulged on occasion if the Church could benefit thereby, but he considered the quota of candidates proof that at least the spiritual welfare of the flock was not being neglected.

Then, accompanied by Cyprian in cassock and biretta, he moved on his stately way to the Rectory to what he knew from experience would be an excellent luncheon.

As they crossed the ancient churchyard, his Lordship gazed over the green to the clustered houses of the village. Grocer, butcher and baker seemed to be doing brisk trade: outside the smithy, next to the saddler, three horses waited to be shod; the sound of the smith's hammer rang pleasantly in country ears. He was about to make some beatific comment on the harmonious scene when a sudden noise filled the air.

The insistent clamour of the firebell sounded from above a building with high, red-painted doors. Immediately there was a fresh activity; from shops and houses men came pouring, struggling into uniform jackets as they ran. From the fire-station emerged the brand-new engine, pushed by willing hands.

Across the green pelted a shock-haired urchin, one of Cyprian's choir.

"Sir," he shouted as he got within range of Cyprian, "did 'ee hear as how Mr. Meston bain't be allowed to drive engine, being as he's failed in test?"

"What?" Cyprian had unaccountably failed to hear this piece of local gossip.

"'Tis true as I'm alive, Sir!"

Cyprian waited for no more. With a hasty, "Excuse me, my Lord!" flung over his shoulder at the surprised Bishop, he vaulted the churchyard wall and set off across the green, shedding his cassock as he ran, tossing his biretta into a hedge, his long black legs going like pistons.

"What'll us do, Passon?" cried one of the crew as he reached the engine. "There's nobbut Meston can drive her, and police won't let 'un."

[Continued overleaf.]



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(Continued.)

"I'll drive, of course. Where's the fire?"

"Down to Moynings. Butler rang up. Family's away, likely."

"Get aboard!"

As he engaged second, got away, changed up to third, revved her up to fifty and slid into top, Cyprian's thoughts raced with the well-tuned engine. Moynings, old Derham's place. Old as the hills, full of timber, and crammed with priceless stuff. What was it Charles Fuller, the agent, had said to him the other night? "Contents insured for £150,000!"

The bell clanged furiously at the hands of an enthusiastic fireman—Copping, the grocer. Cyprian, foot hard down, glanced at the clock—70—75—80—and the needle still advancing. The Laycroft man who had brought her down had said she would do ninety. Fifteen miles to Moynings. Average of sixty. Fifteen minutes. Not good enough. Got to cut that. Cyprian's brain, as usual when handling a real quick job, worked with a cold detachment. Bad bend coming, but, thank goodness, he could see the road, and it was clear.

Swinging to the offside till his wheels almost touched the grass verge, he braked hard—hard—changed down with a roar from the willing engine, swung her to her new course and went through his corner as if he were on the track.

A sweet change-up, and his foot went down again. Five almost striding miles now, and the fire-fighters' right of way.

The crew, hanging on for dear life, were proud in their terror, even when the off-wheels took the grass as they flashed past a slow-witted, slow-moving carter and his big four-horsed timber-tug. He remained with mouth open, staring at the amazing sight of his parson, coatless but still retaining his "dog-collar," driving the engine.

Cyprian smiled as the needle touched 90, stuck and stayed for two blinding miles. Slow for a little hamlet with its staring villagers and cheering children. Checking a tail-swing automatically, he decided that fire-engine drivers ought to pay for their privileges.

Moynings Hill loomed before him. A racing change to third; another to second as the gradient stiffened. Over the crest and round the tree-built bend to the lodge gates and the long avenue to the big house. One got the smell now. The house came into view, smoke and flames pouring from three lower windows, Charles Fuller, barely recognisable, handling a human bucket-chain from the ornamental lake. No difficulty about water, anyway, thought Cyprian as he swung the engine into place with a scattering of gravel. In an orderly confusion the crew leaped to their various jobs. Fuller came panting up.

"Glad to see you, lads. You've been quick." Then his eye fell on the driver. "What in thunder—where's Meston?"

Cyprian, wrestling with the pump control, laughed. "Failed in his test! Best joke I've heard for ages. So I took his place. Expect

I'll be summoned. Got her up to ninety! How did it start here?"

"Dunno. One of the maids went to the morning-room and found a blaze there. That's all we know so far, and with all that inflammable stuff about it was well away in no time at all. Then Jenkins thought Mrs. Robinson had rung for the brigade, and she thought he had, and by the time they'd rung up and called me the place was getting like an inferno."

Cyprian, tending his pump, watched the captain get his men to work. The Laycroft was forcing a thousand gallons a minute through her 3½-in. hose, and a thousand gallons is a lot of water. It seemed a very short time before the roar of the flames began to lose volume. Presently men were able to get inside the fire-blackened, swimming rooms, and not more than fifteen minutes after their arrival Cyprian received the order to cease pumping. It was all over.

In the ensuing interval, Cyprian accepted a cigarette from Fuller. As he lit it, he was seized with a sudden idea.

"Who insures this place, Charles?"

"Lloyd's."

Cyprian's heart jumped. "Do you know what syndicate?"

"Not offhand. But I can find out in a minute if you really want to know. Policy's in the safe in the library."

Together they made their way to the vast library, principal repository of the house's treasures, and untouched by the flames. From a small wall-safe Fuller produced a bundle of policies held together by an elastic band. Selecting one, he passed it to Cyprian.

With hands that almost shook with excitement, Cyprian opened it and spread it out. The back page was covered with list upon list of names, each list bracketed and fronted with a signature on behalf of all.

"Charles, I've done it!" he shouted, and pointed to the top signature of all, showing it to the astonished agent. The leading underwriter on the list was R. C. N. Merrall.

Cyprian did not stay to explain his amazing exclamation, but, tooling home at a modest forty, his thoughts centred on a box at Lloyd's. In his mind's eye he saw a cheque being signed.

"Ten per cent. on £150,000. . . . Salvage . . . perfectly fair . . . well, perhaps five per cent. . . . mustn't be grasping . . . deadly sin . . . greed. . . . Dick's a good chap."

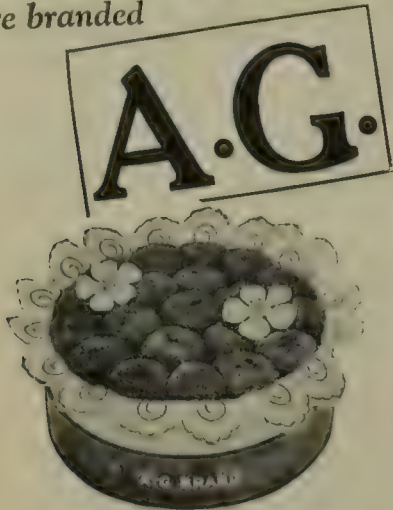
"Anyway," he said out loud, thrusting his foot down in the ecstasy of the moment, "anyway, it'll be a perfectly splendid organ."

And the crew were far too much occupied in clinging on in face of the sudden access of speed to wonder what their always original parson meant by this last cryptic remark.

[THE END.]

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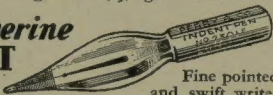
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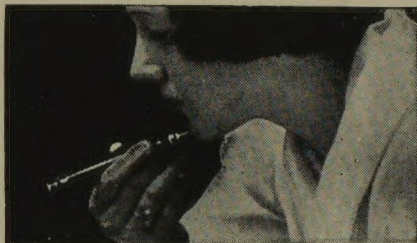
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THOUGHTS ON PALESTINE.

By HELEN GRAHAM.

Majestic Hermon! grand in boundless silence,
Thou tellest of God's Beauty, and His Strength.
Thou has been quiet through all the restless ages
Reflecting God's eternal calm in His Creation,
Which doth make of every mountain height a Holy Place.
Thou art the great white Throne, and thou dost raise
The thoughts of men to everlasting Peace in the serene
Beyond.

Ein Keiren*! by a graceful name recorded
This lovely village holds its distant Past
Forever in remembrance and in love.

Since Zacharias read and taught the Law mankind
Has found the light of Wisdom, and the way of Truth and
Love in Jesus.

To his eyes, the vision of the Saviour's power was dim.
The Grace and Strength of God were known more surely
To the soul and mind and vision of his wife, Elizabeth.

Amid the vales and hills of Blessed Galilee,
A maiden dwelt, of noble faith and pure.
Her gentle, peaceful life was hid with God her Lord.

Lo! round about her shone a glorious Light;
A splendid Presence stood within her room,
An Angel, calm and strong, whose heavenly voice
filled all the dwelling place with Joy Divine.
At his all-holy tidings she could feel
her heart was trembling with a wondering fear—
"May God's own Holy Will in me be sanctified."

From Nazareth she journeyed through Judea to far
Ein Keiren.

Thoughts sublime went with her on her joyful way
To greet her kinswoman; to whom great hope had come.
In glad humility Elizabeth her greeting gave;
"Whence is this to me? That my Lord's Mother should
come here to me?"

A song of joy and praise to God, Who gave her grace,
Burst from the Virgin's lips.
Because the great Forerunner came unto the world at need
And Mary's blest Magnificat was sung
In that quiet home, where John first saw God's light,
Ein Keiren be forever dear in memory to Christian hearts.

Silence of night had fallen in Holy Bethlehem:
The heavens' starry splendours shone upon her way
Who did foreknow the world's great Hope.
The Spirit's Grace abounding,
His Love beyond all speech, His Wisdom infinite
o'ershadowed her, giving her strength
To know the Joy unspeakable.
For He Whose Word did make these starry Heavens,
these hills serene, came in all humility most perfect
To bear a human Infant's helplessness.
His parents, journeying thro' the night,
Found no kind welcome in the hostelry;
So in a cavern, with the stabled beasts,
In tranquil sleep He lay,
Who to His Cross in suffering Power—
Should draw the Souls of men from every clime.

Within the field by Bethlehem—where Ruth had passed,
From whom came David's Royal Line,
Gleaning the corn which reapers' hands let fall—Shepherds
abode

Who watched their grazing flocks, and felt the astonished
silence of the night,
Expectant of the Great Redeemer's Birth.
All light was darkened in the sky above and on the
earth beneath,

*Fountain of Elizabeth.

When suddenly a wakening radiance broke upon the silent
field.

An Angel voice, with the majestic music of the spheres,
Spake words most wonderful.

The Shepherds rose with hearts that sang, with wondering
fearful joy,

To seek the place where Israel's King was laid.
Great men, the rich and wise, came from afar out of the
East to Bethlehem,

Humbly to adore a little Child, and bring Him gifts most
rare,

By knowledge high of all the prophets taught the Hebrew
world,

And lore of all the stars which God has set in Heaven
To guide our wandering feet.

Oh! Ministry most Holy, the Divine Words of Thy Lips,
And Healing of Thy Hands,
And glorious Vision to the Disciples given
When on the Height transfigured by Thy Glory
Thou speakest to the Prophets sent from God
In times most ancient,
Blessed Christ from Heaven.

Oh! Crown of Thorns, oh! road of agony,
Oh! nails and spear and burden of the Cross!
The anguish none may reach,
The Sweat of Blood, the prayer of pain in dark Gethsemane,
Where now, as if to tell of that great Hope
Thy Resurrection brought,
Sweet flowers bloom and tender fragrance shed—
Fit symbol of the fragrance of Thy Word.

Then, by a wondrous symbol, Lord,
From that beloved Mount, on which the prayer—
Most hallowed to our Hearts—
By Thee was spoken,
Thou didst rise, ascending to mysterious heights above,
For Thine Ascension makes this Prayer most holy to the
hearts
Thy Love hath blest.

City of Peace, Jerusalem! within thy Temple's tranquil courts
He moved and taught, His Word the Perfect Truth.

City of Joy, Jerusalem!
Once through thy streets He went,
And throngs adoring hailed the triumph of the
King of Kings.
And that blessed Golden Gate through which He passed
Has stood unopened from that age to this,
Respected by all factions and all creeds.

City of Pain, Jerusalem! we love to know in Truth Christ's
Way of Agony.
For Love and Anguish of the Incarnate God
Have brought us to His Throne.

City of Love, Jerusalem!
Gladly we worship where He rose in Life triumphant,
Who created Life!

Three Ways there are which lead to God:
The first, Creation's Glory, Majesty and Power,
His Handywork.

The next for us is best revealed in Broken Bread
And Wine outpoured, which symbolise the suffering
Borne by Love, incarnate.

The Third, the Power which shook the Upper Room
And touches human hearts with Grace—
These Ways lead up to Heaven.

the gift with
the real touch
of quality

Craven "A"
CIGARETTES

Craven A
CIGARETTES

The Season's Greetings

Xmas

The Season's Greetings

One Hundred
Crown



200 Braven "A" 200

 EOPLE do apprec



EOPLÉ do appreciate Craven 'A' quality, for they give more Craven 'A' than any other cork-tipped cigarette in the whole wide world at Christmas time.

Craven 'A' are so fresh, so cool, so luxuriously smooth to the throat that they are always sure of a welcome.

You can buy Craven 'A' in their smart, colourful gift boxes everywhere—six convenient sizes to choose from, each with a card on the back for your personal greetings.

Give throat-smooth smoking this Christmas—give Craven 'A'.

HANDY TO POST

25 for $1\frac{1}{3}$

40 for 2/-

50 for 2/6

100 for 5/-

150 for 7'6"

200 for 10/-

Made specially to prevent sore throats



THE WORLD OVER

THEY WILL BE TOASTING CHRISTMAS WITH

“BLACK & WHITE”

BECAUSE *it's the Scotch!*